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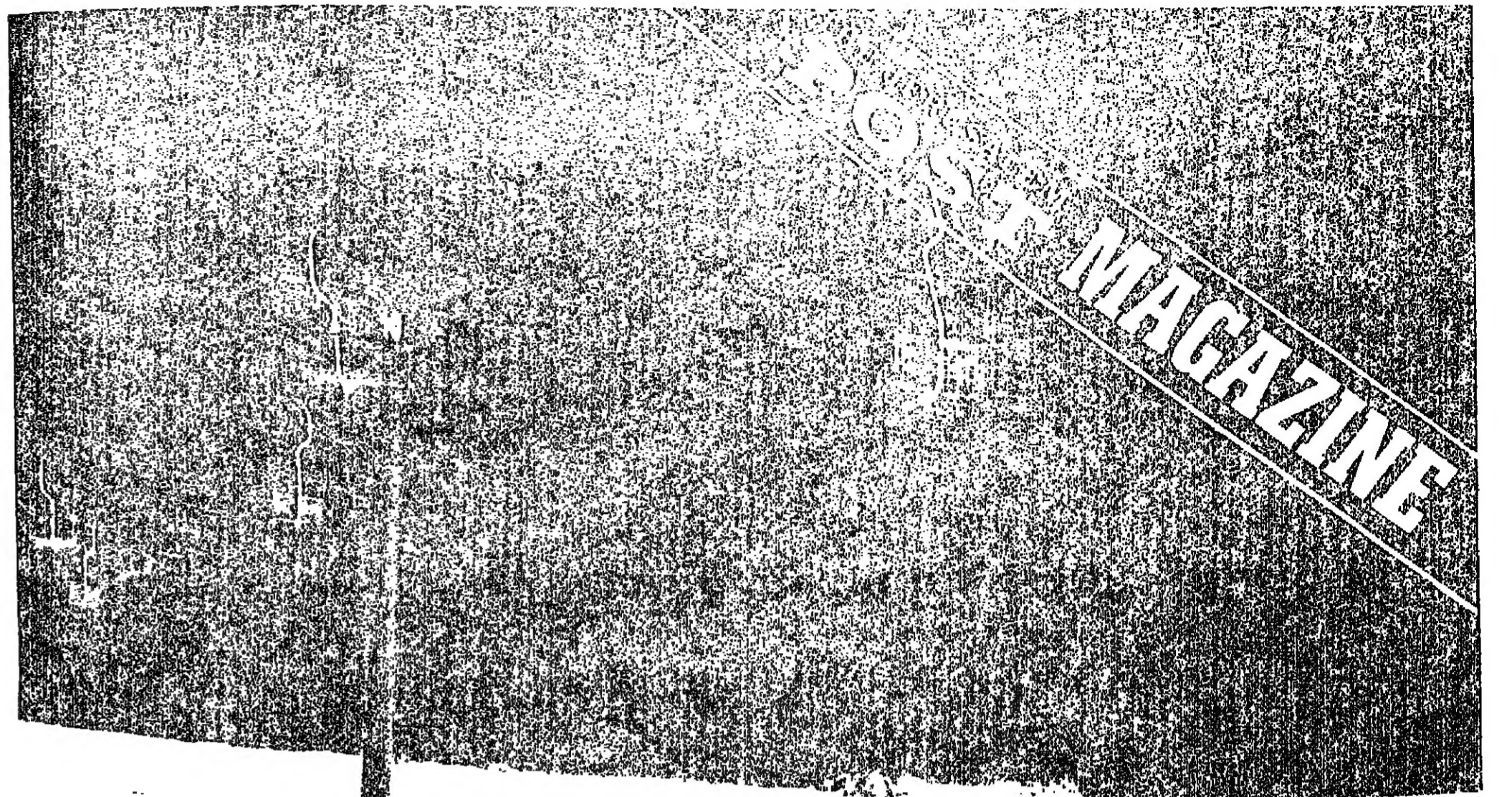
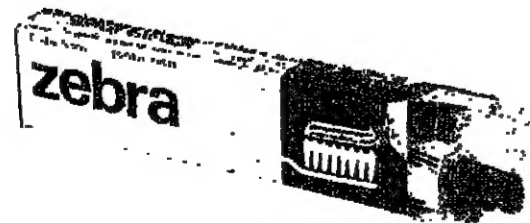
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ETZ HAZAITH



Friday, March 10, 1972

Ski instructor makes a slalom run on slopes of Mt. Hermon this week. Instead of customary red and green pennants, the slalom course is marked with Israeli flags stuck in the snow. Large crowds visited the Hermon last week-end, despite tension on the northern borders. (Werner Braun)

Handwritten text in Hebrew: מרן מרן מרן

IT'S THE PENNIES



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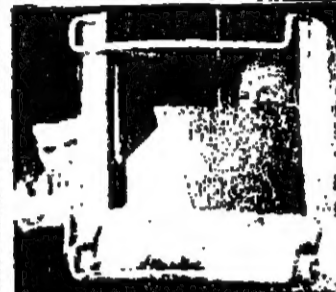
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JERUSALEM'S OLD GUARDIA

Armed with pistol, sword...and shofar



The first Jewish self-defence organization in Jerusalem — Haguardia Hayehudit, founded in 1818 — had an impressive arsenal of weapons. In addition to pistols, swords and long-handled hammers, its members carried shofars, in the hope of frightening their adversaries with its piercing tones.
SHOSHANA HALEVI
relates their story.

everyone had the greatest respect and admiration for them. Guardia men who distinguished themselves "in action" were awarded citations for bravery in the form of a letter of commendation. In this, the characters *קרי* were written large, these being the initials of *קרי קרי* (His horns are the horns of the bull — Deut. 33:17).

The armaments of the Guardia were exceptionally diversified. A few had pistols; others carried sabres (a curved, cutlass-like sword) and debos (long-handled hammers). The shofar, too, played an important role in the arsenal, for its blast, would, it was hoped, strike terror in the heart of an adversary. The Guardia's weaponry was immeasurably improved in 1833 with the arrival in Jerusalem of Shmarya Luria and his brother-in-law, Shmarya Zuckerman. The



latter brought with him two cases of fire arms, which were used for many long years for the protection of the Yishuv. The weapons were code-named "shmerelech" — after the two Shamaryas who brought them.

Apart from these material armaments the Guardia made use of spiritual weapons: charms and amulets, without which no Guardia-man ever went into battle and which were highly efficacious because of the faith placed in them.

The Guardia also employed one other effective military device: spies. Oriental Jews would disguise themselves as *fellahin*, and they would be assisted by a number of real Arabs who were on the permanent payroll of the community's general council, the *Va'ad Hakial*. One of these Arabs was the well-known scout, Daoud Jil'al. Through these under-cover men, the Guardia were often able to steal a march on the robber gangs.

Call for aid

There are many stories of the valour and ingenuity of the Guardia. One January day in 1820 a Beduin arrived at the home of the head of the Jerusalem Community, Reb Shlomo Zalman Spero, with a letter from two Guardia men who had been sent to escort a party of immigrants from Jaffa.

"Help!" the letter implored. "The entire party is being held prisoner under the skies without a drop of water. Every minute seems like a year. The bearer of this letter will tell you the whole story. Hurry up and do something!"

The Beduin stood with his hand on his sword and announced bravely: "The chief has sent me to collect 1,000 gold lira as ransom money." The community elders went into emergency session — and decided on two simultaneous plans of action: they would produce the ransom money as demanded and would also call out the Guardia. Two particularly brave men accompanied the Beduin with the money in their hands, while the rest of the Guardia followed discreetly behind. In a deserted field near Bnei Brak, the Beduin suddenly came to halt, ordered his two escorts to wait, and disappeared. He soon returned, with three of the robber band. It was agreed that the money would be handed over only after the hostages had been released.

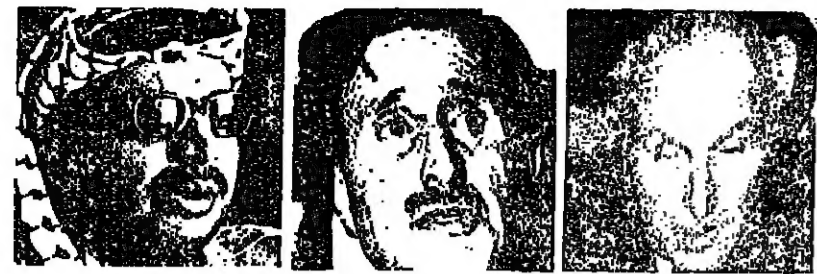
The little group approached the robber camp. The robber chief came out to meet them; at his signal the captives were freed, and the chief took the money.

Ambush of brigands

As soon as their comrades were out of harm's way, the Guardia men who had been waiting in hiding pounced on the brigands, which did not let up until the robbers were thoroughly routed.



Some of the characters in the Lebanese quest for decision: From left, Yasser Arafat, Kamal Jumblatt, Abdalla al-Yafi, Sulayman Faranjliya — and two members of the Israel Defence Forces team which thrust into Fatahland two weeks ago.



Beirut again finds its delicate political balance shaken by the question of fedayeen presence in South Lebanon. Hanna Zamir, a Lebanese affairs expert at the Shiloh Centre for Middle East studies, surveys the problem.

THE political success which Lebanon enjoyed in the past has been due in large measure to its neutral stance both in inter-Arab relations — between those states styling themselves "revolutionary" — and those called "reactionary" — and in the Israel-Arab conflict. Lebanon's "neutralist image" first began to fade in 1968. In April of that year (immediately after the parliamentary elections in Lebanon), the funeral in Beirut of a Fatah man killed by Israeli soldiers was attended by huge crowds, among them the Prime Minister. This was followed by a public recruiting campaign for the terrorist organizations, coupled with a fund-raising campaign, having the full encouragement of politicians, religious leaders and other notables.

In October, 1968, the Fedayeen began establishing themselves in the foothills of Mt. Hermon, while the Lebanese Government kept reiterating that it had no knowledge of any Fedayeen presence on its territory or of any terrorist actions originating in Lebanon. Lebanon's neutralist image has become progressively defaced since then, with the Fedayeen taking full control of the Arqub area — now known as "Fatahland" — and penetrating the refugee camps throughout the country.

The Fedayeen's great gains in strength in Lebanon have not come about entirely without local opposition. 1969 was a year of constant crises in Lebanon — and their principal cause was the Fedayeen. After violent clashes between Fedayeen forces and the Prime Minister Raafid Karami resigned, and a state of emergency was declared.

Recurring clashes

The political crisis which followed was prolonged with both sides — the Fedayeen supporters and their opponents — holding out for their demands. Bloody clashes between Lebanese troops and the terrorists were a recurring phenomenon. In October, 1969, full-scale battles flared up when the Fedayeen moved westwards from the slopes of the Hermon to the Hazbani river. The confrontation brought Lebanon to the brink of civil war. But with the mediation of President Nasser, and following a similar agreement achieved between the Fedayeen and Jordan's King Hussein, the "Cairo agreement" between Lebanon and the Fedayeen was signed at the beginning of November, 1969. It was only after the conclusion of this accord that it became possible for a new government to be set up in Lebanon.

THE Cairo Agreement set out to define relations between the two sides. It limited the operations of the Fedayeen to Fatahland and gave them in effect "home rule" in that territory — which provision was substantiated in practice by the withdrawal of Lebanese troops from the area.

The Lebanese dilemma

The agreement has never been officially published. The Lebanese Christian right-wing leader, Raymond Eddé, has demanded that it should be "it is a joke," he says, "that the agreement is still kept secret. Why should Arafat's driver know its terms while I, a member of Parliament and of its Foreign Affairs Committee, am kept in ignorance of them?" Lebanon's need for an understanding with the Fedayeen is as pressing today as it was in 1969, for every disruption of the relationship could affect the very existence of Lebanon and its present regime. Lebanon is a land of many different communities, both Moslem and Christian, none of which has a clear and solid majority. The top positions are apportioned by community: the President is a Maronite, the Prime Minister, a Sunni Moslem, the Speaker of the Chamber of Deputies, a Shi'ite Moslem. Members of Parliament too, are elected on a communal basis; key: five Moslem members for every six Christians.

Moslems and Christians

A Lebanese's religious affiliation often affects his attitude to the Fedayeen. In general, Moslems support the Fedayeen while most Christians are opposed to giving them bases in Lebanon — although the Christians, too, pay lip-service to the "sanctity of the Fedayeen struggle." But the Lebanese, Moslems Christians alike, are united in their belief that "the sovereignty of Lebanon, its territorial integrity and its independence" are supreme national interests.

LEBANON'S leaders and people have developed a special sensitivity to any hint from Israel on the subject of "an Israeli presence in southern Lebanon," because they believe that Israel has expansionist intentions as far north as the Litani river. They feel that the Litani constitutes for Israel both an ideally "secure border" and a solution to her perennial problems of water shortage.

This sensitivity lay beneath a treaty written after the Six Day War by a former Lebanese Prime Minister, Abdalla al-Yafi. A jurist by profession, Yafi set out to prove that Lebanon had not taken part in the war and thus had not breached the ceasefire agreement in force between Israel and Lebanon since 1949. Therefore, the Security Council's Resolution 242 — and in particular the paragraphs speaking of "secure and recognized borders" between Israel and her Arab neighbours — did not apply to Lebanon. Yafi's aim was to prepare legal arguments for the use of his government in the event of its being faced with Israeli demands for border adjustments in any future negotiations. But Yafi did not foresee a situation whereby, as a result of the Cairo Agreement, Lebanon would relinquish its sovereignty, for all practical purposes, over part of its territory.

SINCE it was signed, and particularly now, after the I.D.F.'s latest action, the Cairo Agreement has been the subject of stormy public debate in Lebanon. The right-wing "Le-Orient Le Jour" wrote that "if the Arqub region is not Lebanese — it will almost certainly be Is-

rael." Other Lebanese papers, too, have expressed the opinion that both the Cairo accord and the whole range of problems arising out of the Fedayeen presence in south Lebanon must be examined anew.

The circumstances prevailing when the Cairo Agreement was signed must be borne in mind when looking at it now, in the light of hindsight. In 1969, the Fedayeen were at the zenith of their power and influence both in Jordan and in Lebanon. The Cairo Agreement gave them similar rights in Lebanon to those they had obtained in the earlier agreement with Jordan; but whereas Jordan was later able to crush the terrorists and drive them out of the country, Lebanon was unable to do so — because of the relatively wide support which the Fedayeen enjoy there, and because of the constant fear of a civil war between the supporters of the Fedayeen and their opponents.

Some Lebanese leaders, notably those of the Christian right wing, have demanded that the Cairo Agreement be either

amended or abrogated altogether. Two of the right-wing Christians, Pierre Jumayyil, leader of the Falangist Party, and Raymond Eddé have said that the agreement gives Israel an ideal excuse for invading and occupying south Lebanon. Eddé has once again repeated the suggestion — which he first made in 1965 — that U.N. observers be stationed on the Israel-Lebanese frontier. Of particular interest is the position of Kamal Jumblatt, a leftist Druse politician and enthusiastic supporter of the Fedayeen. He has attacked Eddé's proposal for U.N. observers, but at the same time has called on the terrorists "to refrain from any actions likely to lead to the conquest of south Lebanon by Israel."

It should be noted that the present positions of several Lebanese leaders, and in particular that of Jumblatt (which deviates from his usually unswerving support of the Fedayeen) derive in no small part from the fact that the country is in the throes of an election campaign. These leaders have had to take time

off from electioneering to face the problems posed by the Fedayeen. None of them can afford to express unpopular opinions, or to support activities which might be regarded as endangering the supreme interests of the state.

THE I.D.F.'s latest action was followed by student demonstrations in Beirut. Some of the students (mostly left-wing Moslems) demonstrated in favour of the Fedayeen, while others (mostly right-wing Christians) came out against the terrorists' activities. The demonstrations ended in clashes between the two groups, which only added to the Government's dilemma and imposed a greater burden on the security authorities.

The inhabitants of south Lebanon themselves did not get much joy out of the presence of the Fedayeen: there were many incidents between villagers and terrorists, sometimes involving the honour of a young girl, sometimes the theft of property. Moreover, some villagers were

WE have had an Arlosoroff affair, a Kastner affair and a Lavon affair. It seems not impossible in the emotion-charged atmosphere of our politics that we shall also have in future to look back on an Eban-Wiesel affair.

Premier Meir said bluntly on Wednesday that it would be comic if it were not so tragic. She also said with very deep conviction that it is senseless to set out to measure who feels the Holocaust more and who feels it less, to compete in mourning, to claim a monopoly of sorrow or to apply thermometers to the feelings of others over the murder of the millions. She has pleaded that this issue, and also immigration, which is also close to every political stripe, should be left out of the party arena.

If she could succeed in getting this idea accepted even Mr. Eban's present discomfiture would have been suffered in a good cause. But it is not a simple matter. It has become a habit of mind for Gahal, and Herut before that, to accuse the Labour sector of a general lack of national feeling, of a cowardly reluctance to tell the world of the crimes committed against us, of defeatism: charges that must have produced some pretty hollow laughter not only from the rulers of Egypt, Jordan and Syria, but also from our friends in the West, as well as our worst critics in the Kremlin.

Confine your reading to Gahal leader Begin's anguished prognosis over the years, and you would really wonder how the state ever came to be, how it survived all the assaults made on it, and how, after 23 years it finds itself, slightly ill at ease, but secure on the Suez Canal and in borders of which even Mr. Begin never dreams.

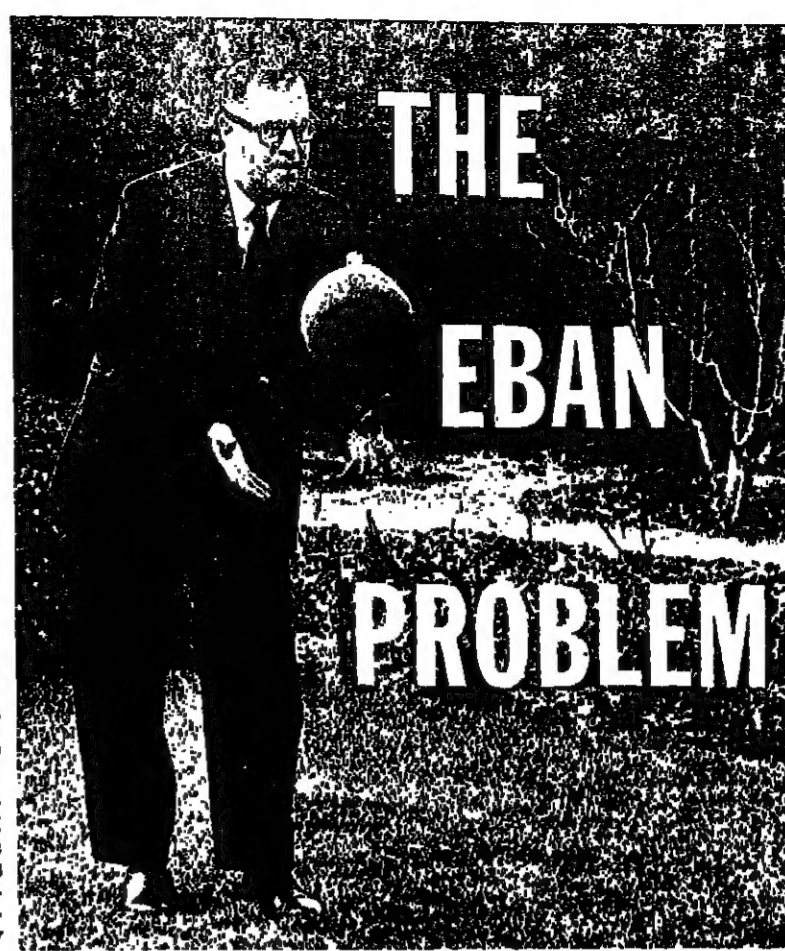
THE question, then, becomes what is, in fact, legitimate, in the political life of a nation like Israel, still without permanent or recognized borders, surrounded by enemies, with most of its people outside its borders. France or America can make a mistake this year, and live to rectify it five years later. They cannot be destroyed. Nobody wants to destroy them. But Hitler destroyed six million Jews, and at various times the Arab world seemed ready to destroy or disperse the Jews of Israel, at least to enslave them as they have done in Syria and Iraq. Everybody shares in the anxieties over these issues, Labour and Gahal alike. If there is a difference, it is one of degree and generations. The Israelis of the latest generation are not familiar

(Continued from page 4)

forced to abandon their homes following I.D.F. reprisal raids on terrorist hideouts.

It would seem that the Lebanese understand full well the dangers inherent in the continued presence of the Fedayeen. But the dilemma facing Lebanon is particularly acute. On the one hand, the Lebanese Government cannot forbid Fedayeen activity from its territory and bring down upon itself inevitable accusations of treachery; and on the other, it cannot ignore their activity, for this may lead to an eventual loss of territory. Lebanon has also learnt that it cannot expect help from its traditional allies, the United States and France. The U.S., which not long ago promised to safeguard Lebanon's territorial integrity, did not come out on Lebanon's side after Israel's warnings and actions. France too — and Lebanese President Sulayman Faranjliya recently received guarantees of security from President Pompidou — failed to come

to Lebanon's aid. Egypt has an interest in the



(Haberberg)

with Jewish defeat and do not believe in it, they are secure in the knowledge that Israel always wins wars.

Mrs. Meir has not the slightest doubt that she is as profoundly involved with the future of Israel as anybody in Gahal that members of her party are as much entitled to believe they know the answers — especially as they have the electorate's support — and that it is simply fraudulent of Gahal to plead a higher, mystic patriotism in what she sees as cheap efforts to discredit the Labour Party.

It is certainly most unedifying, and in the past it has not proved effective. To stomp about proclaiming that you feel the tragedy of the Holocaust more than other people presupposes a moral arrogance that is repulsive and ludicrous. It is bad enough that the Nazis made soap of the dead and that this thought must haunt all of us forever, and not only the Jews. We cannot make political capital out of the victims, we did not want them to die.

Mrs. Meir declared that she did not believe that Mr. Benyamin Halevi, who has brought the question of the Mr. Eban's TV interview in the U.S. with David Frost up for the third time, himself believed that Mr.

LEBANON

No Lebanese leader can claim with any conviction to have the right solution. All of them use flexible and non-committal words such as tolerance, responsibility, brotherhood, understanding — words which do not point to any practical way out of the dilemma.

The Fedayeen have already taken their public stand. They have announced that they are "forced to fight to the end for the right to use Lebanon's territory as a jumping-off point for actions in Israel." One can readily understand the reason for this pronouncement: none of the other states bordering Israel now allow the Fedayeen to operate from their territory, and this leaves Lebanon as the only base still at their disposal. If they weaken in their determination to remain in Lebanon, they in effect put an end to their own existence. Egypt has an interest in the

Parliamentary Report By Lea Ben Dor

believe than that another man sold his soul to the devil. If Mrs. Meir had said that Mr. Halevi's earnest credulousness and black-and-white view of morality was being exploited deliberately by other members of his party to discredit Mr. Eban for the clearest of party-political reasons, I think have been closer to the facts.

Fighting battle

Of course it is monstrous that the Holocaust should be exploited by any Jew for any purpose. But suppose Mr. Begin feels, wrongly, no doubt, that Mr. Eban is a minimalist who will bring disaster upon us, has he no right to fight a political battle with whatever weapons come to hand? If he used the issue of immigration, and as a result one single would-be Soviet emigrant lost his visa, or the third time, or what verone could say that the method was immoral. But character assassination where the opportunity offers is an accepted political gambit. In the long run, it will damage the credibility of Gahal more than of Labour, or even of Mr. Eban himself.

Commander Amram

HOW did Mr. Eban, the distinguished, even, famous maker of sonorous speeches, the author of innumerable neat and memorable formulations, get himself into so much trouble over an interview? Despite a superficial judgment, Mr. Eban is an emotional man, civilized, humanitarian, sometimes a little awkward, rather easily embarrassed. One must assume that the Holocaust is a monstrosity to him that can scarcely be captured in words. The answer to his dilemma is not very hard to find, and it is in two parts. One is that effective speaking in English — and particularly in English — as opposed to American English — often employs understatement, the saying of less rather than of more, forcing the listener to add the extremes himself, instead of discounting exaggeration. This is a technique of expression unknown to Hebrew, which revels in piling up superlatives.

To say in English, to an American audience, that there can be no vengeance or atonement for the Holocaust or, in Blalik's phrase, for the murder of a single child, can be quite logically followed up by saying "So I don't care" whether any more Nazi criminals are caught. It emphasizes what has gone before, it illustrates the magnitude of this catastrophe, and does this in a peaceful, non-aggressive manner calculated to make a maximum appeal to an American liberal audience. And the American liberal audience was in fact moved and impressed.

Take the phrase "I do not care" (about Nazi criminals) out of its context, and it sounds merely mad. There is the infamous Mengele, now said to have been found in South America. Mindful of all the complications likely to ensue, an Israel Foreign Minister might well wish a Mengele were safely dead. Mengele experimented obscenely on fellow humans and should be dead. Nevertheless, the phrase "I do not care" does not mean "let him go free," but is part of a philosophical argument aiming to show how much we do, in fact, care.

(Mr. Shmuel Tamir, who cannot be suspected of wishing to whitewash Mr. Eban unintentionally served to reveal this in the Knesset by reading out a longer portion of Mr. Eban's speech. Once the phrase was in its proper context, it made better sense.) In Hebrew, of course, it sounds all wrong, and the fact that Mr. Eban realized the false position

in which he placed himself was proved when the Foreign Ministry's Hebrew translation of the original text omitted the awkward passage.

IT remains to wish that Mr. Eban would remember that he has an audience in Israel as well as in the U.S. It is less than no use his impressing an American audience with his moderation and liberalism in a form that affronts his own people, as this in fact did Israel feeling is neither moderate nor reasonable on the Holocaust or on Egyptian threats, and there is no sense in a foreign minister being more reasonable than the nation he represents; that is not accurate representation. It does not matter very much what Eli Wiesel said, the first time, the second time or the third time, or what version of his views was forwarded by Mr. David Rivlin. Mr. Eban is not in need of encomiums. What he needs is to speak in such a way, even in English, that Israel can understand him and applaud him, and cannot even pretend not to understand.

DR. Moshe Sneh was the most contradictory and enigmatic and unexpected character in Israeli political life. He moved through the whole political spectrum from the right-wing General Zionists to Maki, the Israel wing of the Communists, he was given what amounted to a state funeral, and he has been much more sincerely mourned than many of the officially great.

If anyone says we are politically narrow-minded, we shall be able to counter that in a ferociously and justifiably anti-Communist country a Communist was buried with love, as "Commander Amram," his old Haganah title. He was a man distinguished by an astonishing, penetrating intelligence that made his company a rare pleasure and a consoling warmth for everything Jewish, and everything human.

He had wit, he had an irresistible charm, and for newspaper people he had the ultimate reward that he always knew what one had written the week before because newspaper and magazines covered the floor of his home in place of carpets.

He was scornful of the Russians who were "no longer Communists." Had he completed the circle, would he have wished to return to the Zionist fold? On the eve of the war in 1967, in a major national crisis, he was clearly on the side of Zion. Would the Labour party have dared to take him back? No. He might have taken over, just as he took over the Haganah after a short time in the 'forties. Nobody would have wanted the risk. Sneh was a man who took every idea to its logical conclusion without hesitation, and would have acted upon the conclusion if he was able, whatever it might involve.

Such men are perhaps more safely confined to the making of critical speeches and writing of illuminating articles. But we are much the poorer for the loss of this lively, stimulating spirit, the eternal critic, the perfectionist, the man who wanted a just world at whatever sacrifice, the eternal whatevver Jew. We may remember and admire the courage and independence of spirit with which he demanded a traditional funeral for himself, and reminded fussy atheists that a national tradition has more meaning than the verbal contents of a prayer. If Moshe Sneh was a Communist, may we live to have others like him.

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INQUIRY BECAME INQUISITION

ANYONE old enough to remember World War II will recall the boldly-lettered posters accusingly asking: Is your journey really necessary?

I would make so bold as to suggest, after the conclusion of the hearings of the Witkon Commission which enquired into the Netivei Neft or rather the Mordechai Friedman affair, that the Government put up similar posters in the intimate corridors of their offices asking: Is an Inquiry Commission really necessary?

Truth to tell, the Minister of Justice had rightly thought that an inquiry commission was not necessary in the Friedman case; but unfortunately he failed to take the alternative steps available to him in time to quash the public pressure for such an inquiry, which eventually succeeded in sweeping away any cool and judicious approach to the subject.

To the best of my knowledge, five commissions of inquiry have been appointed since the establishment of the State: the Etzioni Commission, which investigated the rioting of North African immigrants in the Wadi Salib Quarter of Haifa in 1950; a commission which investigated security leaks to the press, whose hearings were held in camera and whose report was never published; the Sussman Commission which inquired into the causes and effects of the Al-Aksa fire in 1960; the second Etzioni Commission (both were chaired by Justice Moshe Etzioni) which probed the football league and Toto scandals in 1971; and the Witkon Commission, which was appointed to investigate allegations of malpractice and corruption on the part of the Managing Director of Netivei Neft, a Government enterprise.

Successful inquiries

Of these commissions (discounting the secret commission on the security leaks) two undoubtedly provided a public service and dealt with matters which, in the language of the Commission of Inquiry Law "were at the time of vital public importance and required clarification." These were the Wadi Salib commission, whose report contained a highly intelligible and articulate summing-up of the grievances of North African immigrants in particular and new immigrants in general, as well as sound recommendations for the alleviation of social and educational disparities (if this all sounds sadly familiar to this day, that does not derogate from the beneficial effects of the inquiry at the time); and the Football Inquiry Commission, whose recommendations may hopefully result in separating football from politics, securing proper control over the millions handled by the Toto, eliminating match-fixing and under-the-counter emoluments.

What these two commissions had in common was that they were appointed to deal with matters of great public interest and importance which could not be handled by the courts of law, and their terms of reference allowed of their producing constructive, tangible and workable recommendations.

The Al-Aksa commission proved, in the final analysis, to have been superfluous. For once a suspended, there was no real need for any inquiry into the causes of the fire; and recommendations for avoiding such fires in the future were, in the circumstances, purely academic. However the fire had created such an international uproar that it was essential to dispel any suspicions as to its origins as soon as possible.

What characterized these first

The establishment of a commission is entirely proper on certain rare occasions, but it proved the Netivei Neft case was not one of them, writes POST law editor DORIS LANKIN. The Witkon Commission's hearings, she says, were "a travesty from the very outset," adding that the matter could have been handled by the State Comptroller's office or by the police.

three commissions was that they conducted their investigations in the form of an inquiry and not in the form of a pseudo-court case.

The same cannot be said of the Netivei Neft inquiry. This was a travesty from the outset.

The terms of reference of the commission were to investigate allegations against Mr. Mordechai Friedman, the General Manager of Netivei Neft, made by Dr. David Neev, a sincere, well-meaning but rather naive and muddled geologist. These allegations were part of a criminal nature — such as accepting bribes — and partly of a civil nature — such as running the oil company in a manner of which Dr. Neev disapproved.

If the criminal allegations had been handed over to the police for investigation, they would either have been dismissed as groundless or they would have been incorporated into a properly-drafted indictment, and Mr. Friedman would have been given a fair, properly-conducted trial. If the allegations of mismanagement had been handed over to the State Comptroller, they would have been professionally and competently examined — for examination of shortcomings in the management of government enterprises is an everyday task for the State Comptroller's office, as the most casual glance at any of his annual reports will reveal.

But the Minister of Justice committed the cardinal sin of vacillating about handing the allegations over to the police and Comptroller, respectively, and it is this which should have brought the public wrath down on his head. As it was, he was bulldozed into agreeing to appoint an inquiry commission against his better judgment, because the public clamoured for its latest fad, instead of criticizing him roundly for his failure to act more speedily through the proper channels, and thus dispel the atmosphere of suspicion and recrimination which had mushroomed.

Terms of reference

The Commission having been appointed and its vague, nebulous and amateurishly-phrased terms of reference having been stated, the trouble started. It started from the fact that the task of the Commission was to investigate, not "a matter of great public importance," but the alleged shortcomings of an individual citizen (whose main fault, apparently, was that he had succeeded only too well in carrying out the task entrusted to him). Since an individual was under examination he was entitled, both in accordance with natural justice and in accordance with the provisions of the Inquiry Commission Law, to be represented by counsel. Having chosen counsel for whom Dr. Neev, the chief complainant, was obviously no match, the latter was given the assistance of counsel of his own — Mr. Ram Caspi. This lawyer was apparently assigned the task of helping the Commission to get at the truth, since Dr. Neev himself was obviously not capable of extracting himself from the tangle in which he had unwittingly enmeshed himself.

At the same time the State Attorney, Mr. Gavriel Bach, was also given an active role in the

proceedings. Whether he was there as the representative of the Attorney-General, who in accordance with the Law may elect to participate in inquiry commission proceedings, or whether he, too, had been called in by the Commission to help and advise them was unclear, apparently even to the Commission and Mr. Bach.

The inquiry got under way with accusations and counter-accusations of jealousy, personal grudges, dark plots to undermine rivals, high-handed autocracy, and even Wild West orgies, being hurled indiscriminately into the arena; and at every personal ac-

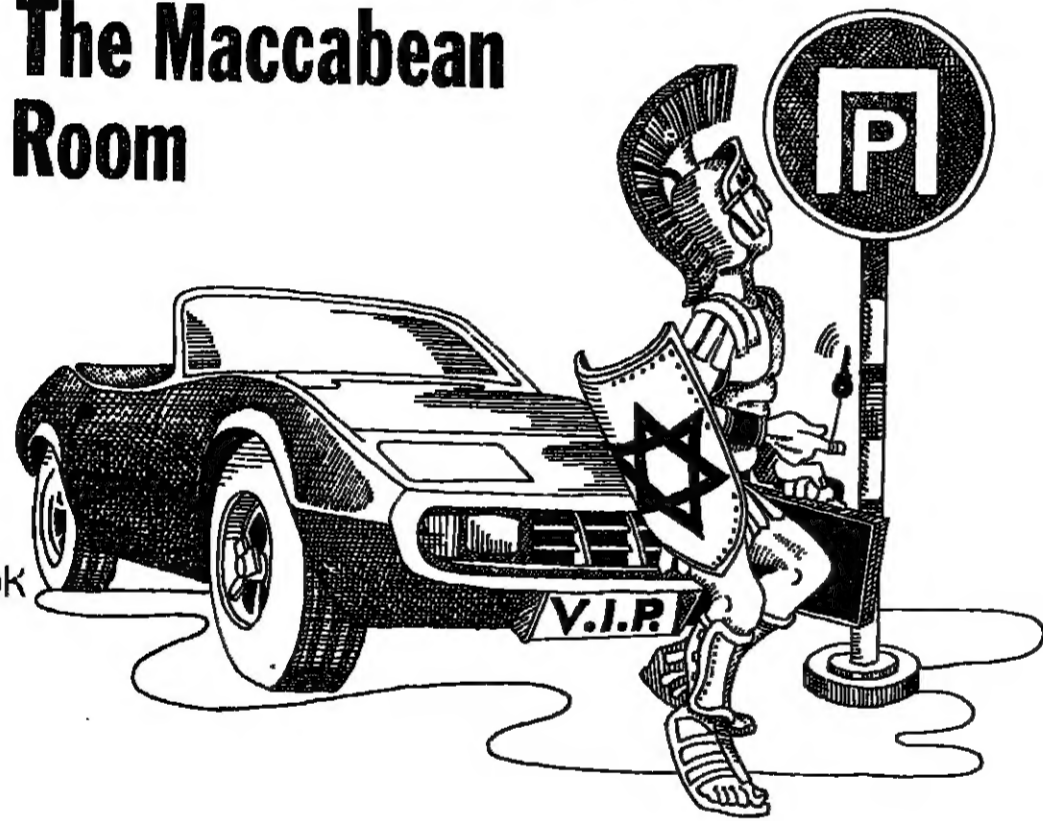
cusation and recrimination, up popped another lawyer to represent the person maligned and aggrieved. Eventually the inquiry was taken over completely by the lawyers, who themselves indulged in bitter and unseemly exchanges, while the Commission itself was left with little to do but conduct the traffic of witnesses and lawyers, ask an occasional question, and act as umpire when the going got rough.

The inquiry degenerated into an inquisition, its whole character and purpose perverted. The sorry spectacle eventually culmin-

ated in the hapless State Attorney — who by then was not sure himself what function he was supposed to be fulfilling — being reprimanded by the President of the Commission for acting as "an official prosecutor" when there was already an "official prosecutor" — Mr. Caspi. The mere fact that a learned, experienced Supreme Court Justice could refer to Mr. Caspi as a "prosecutor" is conclusive evidence of how far the proceedings had strayed from being an inquiry. This was not a calm, judicious forum, where all shades of opinion were given an equal and courteous hearing, where complaints and grievances and allegations were freely aired in an atmosphere of desire for information, understanding and co-operation. This was a circus, with characters being publicly assuaged, with victims being threatened, with lions for the entertainment of the spectators.

(Continued on page 7)

Park Easy—Dine Well— At Sheraton's V.I.P. Grill— The Maccabean Room



The Maccabean Grill Room is one of the most luxurious restaurants in Tel Aviv. Located in the Sheraton-Tel Aviv Hotel, where the guest parking lot is now open once again. It serves some of the finest food in town. Grand, juicy Texas-size steaks. Flaming swords, delicious grilled meats and fish, wonderful salads tossed at your table. A mouth-watering variety of desserts. Wines from a well-stocked cellar. And, believe it, very reasonable prices. The Maccabean Grill Room is designed for V.I.P.s. Your guests can finally relax in secluded comfort, soothed by Terry Cosmo's quiet, unobtrusive piano music. Attended by waiters who are there when you want them, out of earshot when they should be. And you dine from copper plates to the light of oil-lamps. As they did in the glorious days of the Maccabean warriors. Truly a place to bring your V.I.P.s. — The Maccabean Grill Room.

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HIRSH GOODMAN, who covered the Witkon Commission hearings for almost four months, sums up his impressions.

THE Netivei Neft inquiry is finally over. Six more weeks or so, and the public should hear the results of what has been the longest hearing in the history of the State — even longer than the Eichmann Trial. Nearly four months were spent listening to 52 witnesses give over 5,000 pages of testimony. Over 700 documents were submitted for consideration, some of them bulky and technical oil studies, and several more witnesses were heard in camera, all leaving the three-man Commission with more than enough to chew over in order to try and establish what exactly went on at the Government-controlled Abu Rodeis oil-fields.

Press coverage of the hearing was vast. This paper alone devoted some 85 separate articles, totalling well over 100,000 words, to both Netivei Neft and Mr. Mordechai Friedman, the company's general manager, whose activities at the fields constituted the inquiry's central theme.

What is perhaps the most ironic thing about the mammoth affair is that the initial complaint about Netivei Neft, filed by a Development Ministry geologist, Dr. David Neev, in the end played a relatively small part in the proceedings. What kept the Commission going from day to day, from week to week, and finally from month to month, were all the side issues which cropped up.

The Commission was bombarded with names, facts, dates, amounts, contracts, deals and understandings between the principals. Very little of the evidence submitted

Necessary?

(Continued from page 5)

And he waste of it all! The waste of precious time and public money. Even the lawyers whose participation was not directly requested by the Commission will probably receive at least part of the fees from public funds, since the Inquiry Commission Law lays down that a person likely to be harmed by an inquiry may invite a lawyer to examine witnesses on his behalf and may be given a sum of money fixed by the Commission, to cover the expenses involved in peculiar Israeli obsession with

therein. And to what purpose? For even if the Commission should eventually decide that there was something criminal in Mr. Friedman's activities and recommend that he be brought to trial, all the evidence and notes voluminously minutes and notes accumulated by it during its three months of sessions will not be admissible at such a trial, and the whole process will have to be repeated.

It would be a pity if the Netivei Neft Commission should prove to be the inquiry commission to end all inquiry commissions. For there is a place and a need for inquiry commissions — but only if they are appointed on rare and appropriate occasions, and not if they are exploited and abused in order to satisfy the false passions.



Confusion worse confounded



was clear-cut: there was always some additional side issue to complicate matters. If the bench at times felt exasperated — and they often did — the exasperation of a reporter covering the event was all the greater, since he had the disadvantage of not being present at all the sessions and had to rely on what the lawyers wanted him to know.

The lawyers were colourful characters themselves. There was veteran Mr. Yaakov Salomon, appearing for Mr. Friedman, and young Mr. Ram Caspi, who volunteered to appear for Dr. Neev and was subsequently appointed by the Commission.

These two saw the hearing as something of a personal vendetta, and the antagonism between them often proved embarrassing for all concerned. After a cross-examination by Caspi, Salomon would corner newsmen and blast that "headline hunter" or that "master sensationalist." After a Salomon performance Caspi, the calmer of the two, would berate Salomon for being "unscrupulous" or "immoral" and completely void of all self-restraint.

Salomon was the direct antithesis of his partner, Mr. Naphtali Lipshutz, a kindly-looking gentleman of brilliant mind and mild manner. Both did their jobs well. One feels that behind the scenes it was Salomon who dominated, while in court it was Lipshutz, who has a most uncanny knack of getting a witness to say exactly what he wants to hear without the man in the box realizing it.

Salomon was rudely aggressive. He told witnesses to "wipe that smile off your face" and to look

him in the eye. Sometimes it worked, more often it failed. He found it hard to restrain himself during cross-examination by opposing counsel and often interrupted the proceedings.

Justice Witkon himself is a stickler for decorum. He minced no words in putting down any of the 15 lawyers or their assistants when he thought they had overstepped the mark. He had a sharp tongue for anyone he thought was behaving badly or letting his feet drag without achieving anything important. He is not a patient man — just as well, I suppose, otherwise the proceedings might have dragged on for another few months. Sometimes, however, there was a general feeling that he showed little patience with State Attorney Gavriel Bach.

Mr. Bach proved highly competent, as did his assistant, Michael Kirsh, whose cross-examination of one witness was so penetrating that even Mr. Friedman's lawyers called it a fine performance.

Just as the lawyers were divided into camps, so was the actual courtroom. Near the door, on the left, you had the Friedman camp. Blue-eyed and balding Mr. Friedman was flanked by aides who dived into their brief-cases for documents each time a witness on the other side produced one of his. On the far side of the room sat Dr. David Neev, who usually wore an open-necked shirt and a grey-flecked sweater. He generally had several Development Ministry people seated behind him, as well as a few of the witnesses on whose testimony he based his complaint.

The bench, too, was divided. On the right sat Mr. Avraham Kalir, an industrialist with an impeccable record, and on the left Aluf Meir Zorea, whose heavily lined face earned him the affectionate nickname, "the boxer," from the press gallery. Straight down the centre sat Justice Witkon—who must have sucked away a small fortune in sweets over the past four months — and the State Attorney, a convenient buffer between Mr. Caspi and Friedman's team.

Drama and dullness

Though there was plenty of drama, the proceedings were, on the whole, dull. Only the highlights hit the headlines. The press for the most part did not do the hearing justice. There were many less sensational facts which might

Netivei Neft General Manager Mordechai Friedman, top centre, and some of the men who played principal roles in the Witkon Commission hearings, counter-clockwise from upper left: Dr. David Neev; the counsel's table, with State Attorney Gavriel Bach, Gad Eisenman, Erwin Shimron, Naphtali Lipshutz, Yaakov Salomon and Amon Avni; Mordechai Chena of Lapidot and Ram Caspi, Dr. Neev's attorney; and Justice Alfred Witkon. (Photos by Weiss (3), Barzilay (3))

not have made interesting reading, but which would have served to give a more balanced picture of what the Commission was actually being told. Unfortunately for Mr. Friedman, much of the dry material was in his favour, while what made print was usually to his detriment.

No matter what the Commission decides — and this is the tragedy — the name Netivei Neft will remain linked with corruption in the public mind, and who knows to what extent this is true? Undoubtedly there are going to be those who, should the Commission come up with a favourable report, will say that they know better. There is one encouraging fact: of some 60 people questioned by this reporter, all felt that the integrity of the three Commission members was beyond reproach. About 60 per cent of them, however, felt that Friedman would get off scot free, not because he was innocent, but because he had hired "clever lawyers," who managed to cover up for him.

What the whole thing cost the State is not yet clear, but one thing is sure — it was not cheap. In addition to the fees of the Commission members, Mr. Caspi and the Attorney General's team, the State will also have to pay for the services of Mr. Erwin Shimron, the lawyer appointed to represent Dr. Zvi Dinstein, the Deputy Finance Minister, who was implicated in his role as the man in charge of oil in the administered areas. The 52 witnesses will also have to be compensated for the days they spent away from work and the company which recorded and typed the 5,000-page record will profit well for their services.

Mr. Friedman must have paid very heavily for the services of Salomon and Lipshutz — partners in one of the best-known and most expensive legal firms in the country. There was a joke circulating in the courtroom: What ever Friedman might have made out of Netivei Neft would be recovered by the Government anyway, since what he was paying for his defence would be sucked back in taxes.

The Inquiry must have cost

Dr. Neev plenty as well, but not in money terms. A quiet man, he once admitted that he never believed his complaint would escalate to such horrifying proportions. He felt something was wrong at Abu Rodeis. He had heard countless allegations of theft, corruption and managerial and moral shortcomings at the fields. These he compiled into a complaint to the Minister of Finance and hoped that the affair would be investigated and end there. But for reasons which are now part of history, the complaint got out of control.

Dr. Neev is a scientist whom his colleagues call the most honest man in the country. He had something to get off his chest, something which provoked him to action because he felt the trust the country had placed in a man was being abused, and because he felt that the "system" was covering up for a profiteering son. He stated, at one stage of his testimony, that he was out to crush Dr. Dinstein — not the man, but what he felt the Deputy Minister represented, a new breed of Israeli: the career technocrat who benefitted at the expense of the State.

Dr. Neev was the respect of all concerned. Neither Mr. Friedman nor his aides or lawyers bore him any animosity. At best they regarded him as a misguided intellectual who had leaped into a trap prepared for him by his jealous colleagues at Lapidot. At worst they considered him a willing tool of Mr. Mordechai Chena, the general manager of Lapidot, a man whom they credit with having organized the entire "witch-hunt" to discredit Friedman for reasons of personal jealousy.

What is paradoxical in this claim is that throughout the inquiry they tried to prove that Chena was nothing but an incompetent bungler. How did he then mastermind the whole attack?

But Chena was not alone in the plot, they claim: he had the blessing of the Development Ministry which was apparently bitter that oil affairs had been taken over by the Finance Ministry.

It is all most confusing, but then so was most of the inquiry.

A QUESTION often addressed to me by many people, and now by *The Jerusalem Post*, is: How does it feel to be an Ambassador of a Latin-American country in Israel? The answer depends on the various aspects of my own personality and the purpose of my being here. I think that by combining the personality of the actor and the intentions of his actions, it is easier to understand his feelings.

I happen to be at one and the same time a child of the Latin American culture, a Catholic priest, a professor of sociology and a consecrated servant of human freedom through social justice. Deliberately, I have not included my condition of diplomat as an element of my personality. My transient diplomatic role is only an accident in my life. I pray God it may not prove to be a fatal accident!

When I presented my letters of Credence to the President of Israel in September, 1970, as Ambassador of Costa Rica, I stated clearly my personal objectives in coming to Israel. First, to revitalize my religious faith, for I was prepared to admire in this land the mysterious work of God uplifting man to the highest realization of his spiritual potential; secondly, to strengthen my social faith, for I was eager to observe the gigantic effort of men creating a society in which they and their fellow men could live a free, creative and happy life; thirdly, to confirm my dedication to the historical fight of the Jewish people in the assertion of its human rights, particularly its right to have its own home in the country from which it was expelled into "a wide and alien world." My contention is that in pursuing these objectives, I express the ethnoreligious orientation, the eagerness for social justice and the admiration for Israel of the country I represent.

Thus my personal characteristics and my purpose in coming to Israel are interrelated.

I was born and raised into the so-called Occidental culture which should rather be termed the Judeo-Greco-Christian culture. Indeed, the central "Weltanschauung" of that culture, particularly regarding the transcendental notions, have their main roots in the ethical tradition of the Jewish people as it developed from nomadic beginnings through the first millennium of its organized life as a nation. One has only to think of the Decalogue, monotheism and the Biblical cosmogony.

Visit to Wall
Hence for me to come to Israel was like going into a past which was already part of me. The first evening I was in Jerusalem and before visiting any other place, I went to the Western Wall. It is indeed a sacred place for the Jewish people, but it also has a religious and spiritual value for me: it contains the remnants of the First and Second Temple, where for a millennium the Jewish people enshrined and worshipped the Presence of that same God in whom I learned to love my Heavenly Father as an essential part of the transcendental beliefs of Latin-American culture. When in deep awe I touched the stones of that wall, I sensed the roots of my religious faith and felt that those stones had a heart which was also beating with the prayers of the Costa Rican people. I understood better the universalism of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. My pilgrimage had started!

My readings and my journeys throughout this land have been undertaken in great part in an effort to improve my understanding of the roots of my religious faith. Whenever I go, my spirit is transported back to the days of the divine wonders: The Red Sea reminds me of the liberation of the Jewish people both as an

A diplomatic pilgrim

For the Costa Rican Ambassador, a posting to Jerusalem 18 months ago was more than just a diplomatic job. It was also an opportunity to live in a city which is the "centre of the human spirit," writes Dr. BENJAMIN NUNEZ, who is also a Catholic priest.

historical fact and as a symbol of its constant fight to remain free and of the struggle in which man is engaged in conquering any form of slavery which may hinder the realization of his mission as a master of himself. Every place has a message. I cannot go anywhere without facing a Biblical scene where I hear the steps of God approach through them, universal mankind. Now I can understand the full meaning of a profound comment made by the great archaeologist Yigael Yadin when I met him in 1956 on the hill realization of his spiritual potential; secondly, to strengthen my social faith, for I was eager to observe the gigantic effort of men creating a society in which they and their fellow men could live a free, creative and happy life; thirdly, to confirm my dedication to the historical fight of the Jewish people in the assertion of its human rights, particularly its right to have its own home in the country from which it was expelled into "a wide and alien world." My contention is that in pursuing these objectives, I express the ethnoreligious orientation, the eagerness for social justice and the admiration for Israel of the country I represent.



Dr. BENJAMIN NUNEZ

modern society built only on technical or scientific knowledge, disregarding the religious and moral principles which alone can ensure the freedom and development of man.

But my digging in this land is not confined to the layers of the Old Testament. More recent layers offer me new sources of inspiration. Both sets of layers are part of the mysterious geography of the Land. I came into contact with Judaism through Jesus, who never rejected either Moses or the prophets, but instead cast his message to mankind in the mould of their religions and, to a great extent, along rabbinical traditions, all of which constituted the cornerstone of the religious life of his people, whom he loved to the end. Strange as it may seem, it is through a clearer knowledge and comprehension of Judaism that I am coming to a deeper understanding of Jesus and his message.

Bethlehem, Mount Calvary and the Mount of Olives, Galilee and Mount Tabor and the Mount of Beatitudes — as a Latin American Christian man I have been there, digging up the Jesus of the Gospels; I have been digging up his message unadulterated by centuries of theological discussion, canonical definition and moralistic anathema, by accretions of pagan culture or by the interests of worldly power.

The Latin-American nations are in need of the Jesus who proclaimed a Kingdom of Justice and Love and would condemn economic, social and racial injustices as well as ignorance, poverty and exploitation of man by man as sins against God. In the broadest ecumenical spirit I have also been reasserting my confidence in a Jesus opening up many paths to God, so that no

man would consider his neighbour an enemy because of religious differences, and no organized religion would oppress or humiliate human beings because they do not follow its dogmas or rituals. This Jesus is needed so much in the Christian world and demanded so anxiously by a convulsed Latin America.

In this search I have not been alone. Encouragement came from John the XXIII and leadership from towering figures of the Catholic church like Cardinal Ben. Here in Jerusalem the city of peace and love, I have been participating in groups of great ecumenical inspiration: the Rainbow Group, where Jewish and Christian scholars meet under the leadership of Father Marcel Dubois and Prof. Zwi Werblowsky; the Neve Shalom, a divinely quixotic experiment under the leadership of Father Bruno Hussard, where Moslems, Jews and Christians meet to build bridges of peace and understanding; the ulpan of the Sisters of Zion in Ecce Homo, serving the cause of communication among Jews, Christians and Arabs. We are all conscious that we are helping to fulfill our duty to undo centuries of injustice to the Jewish people. In my first month in Israel I read the book "God's First Love" (Christians and Jews over Two Thousand Years," by Friedrich Herr. That book, and my visits to Yad VaShem, aroused in me an impulse to stand on Mount Calvary and cry out the prayer attributed to John the XXIII: "Forgive us the curse which we unjustly laid on the name of the Jews. Forgive us that, with our curse, we crucified Thee a second time."

PARALLEL with my religious beliefs, my social ideals are constantly enlightened: in Israel as I search for answers to the pressing social problems of Latin America. Our peoples have been trying to find the way towards a sound social order. They demand a society which, by its high productivity, its sense of social justice and its uncompromising belief in human freedom, will ensure the full development of man. When I left Costa Rica for Israel I looked forward to finding the Jewish people establishing that type of society.

I have seen the making of such a society throughout the country. Places which were not fit for human habitation have become gardens; grey, a banner of despair, has been replaced by green, a banner of life, signalling the formation of a productive society through the strenuous application of scientific knowledge, dynamic social organization and dedicated leadership.

Now I understand why it has been said that "Israel is a totalitarian society," i.e., a society with a purpose. I do not imply that the purpose has already been achieved. Israel is beset by innumerable demands for better health, education and housing for a growing population coming from almost one hundred countries at different levels of personal development. I have seen how marginal groups become important. All this takes place while the enormous responsibility of national security is being made its own demands. But the purpose is there: the mechanisms for action are there; the determination for achievement

is superb, because Israel is a society with a purpose and the Israeli a man with an objective for living. This spectacle is a source of inspiration as rich as the religious significance of the Land and I must draw therefrom lessons for my own country. Latin Americans by the hundreds have come here to look into the exciting "Israeli experiment." Different circumstances will require wise adaptations of the techniques. But the inspiration that we, as Latin Americans, can obtain here will be a spiritual force to stimulate and direct our peoples in the struggle for their economic and social liberation.

IN the light of these experiments, and as a result of the information I have been collecting about the geopolitical problems of this area, I as an Ambassador, wholeheartedly endorse the prophetic vision of Amos as the official attitude of my Government: "I will bring again the captivity of my people of Israel and they shall build the waste cities, and inhabit them; and shall plant vineyards and drink wine thereof; they shall also make gardens, and eat the fruit of them. And I will plant them upon their land, and they shall bear fruit, and I will be pulled up out of their land, which I have given them, saith the Lord thy God." The fulfilment of this prophecy in the modern community of nations is part of the responsibility of honest world statesmanship.

I have great respect for the sincerity of the highest leadership of Israel. I trust Prime Minister Golda Meir when she states that Israel wants "no more than peace and security, but no less," and assures the world that Israel does not look for territorial aggrandisement but only for recognized and secure borders. I am sure that, once this is accomplished, Israel will use her ability, experience and resources to contribute to the happiness of other peoples of this area, regardless of their ethnic, national or religious character. No massing of armaments is necessary to bring peace to the Middle East: only an accumulation of moral courage and goodwill.

I LIVE in Jerusalem! I announce this with a deep sense of gratitude to God because I consider it one of the greatest blessings of my life. Jerusalem is the heart of the Jewish people and the capital of Eretz Israel, without ceasing to be the city of all mankind. I trust that Israel will keep the city as the centre of the human spirit. That is a sacred trust which Israel has received from God and from man.

I once read in a poem that the reason there are so many stones in the hills of Jerusalem is that every man who comes here takes one from his heart and lays it down there. I feel relieved of many such stones; my heart is lighter and brighter to carry in my people, once I depart from here, a message of hope and liberation.

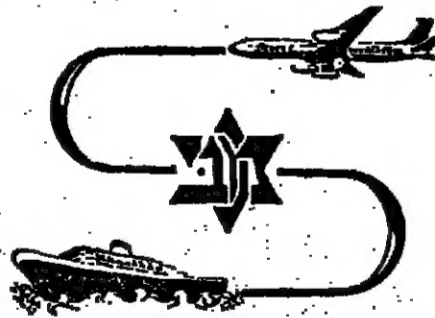
HOW does it feel to be an Ambassador to Israel? I feel that I am growing into a few man, a truer believer in God, a more authentic Christian priest, a more dedicated servant of social justice and a more courageous friend of Israel. Of course, the process of growing has not always been without suffering; but the price of growing is pain and the sweetness of that pain is growing itself. I am willing to pay the price and happy to enjoy the reward.

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THE tiger devil, his face radiating diabolical glee, lunges at the Saint with a sort of pitchfork, which has three sharp points, designed to make the victim look as if he had been clawed by a tiger — oh, heavens, the Saint is down! This time that monster is sure to get him, or at least to ruffle his hair. No; somehow it was so quick I didn't see how he did it, damn it. He's up again, and he's taken the pitchfork thing away from the tigerman. He throws it away — if it had been me, I would have simply given that tigerman a taste of his own claws which would have made him look as if he had irritated a whole pride of tigers, or whatever you call them.

But the Saint isn't like us lesser men: he prefers to use his bare hands. Look at that right to the tigerman's jaw, so obligingly thrust forward, followed by a left to the solar plexus that jack-knifed him beautifully, with a final right swing coming up from the floor that lifted him two yards in the air and put him away somewhere in the jungle. He won't wake up for a month of Sundays; the guerillas will have to keep him in their secret hide-out hospital and do some plastic surgery...

What do you know, here he is again, unmarked, doing some nasty karate stuff on the poor Saint. What a dirty Oriental trick to use karate! And look, now he's picked up the pitchfork again! I know the Saint shouldn't have left it lying there. Oh, dear, now the Saint's natty bush-ahiri will certainly get torn. But look, here's the faithful servant, his Malay face glowing with kindness, devotion and wisdom, as if he was Chou giving Dick a drink and he's shot the tigerman — bang! bang! No more clawing innocent heroes for that character. The summary also suggests that children's response to televised blood and gore may be mitigated by their perception of such violence as "fantasy." In fact, concluded one experiment, "violent fictional programmes are seen (by the young) as highly realistic, even more so than news and documentaries."

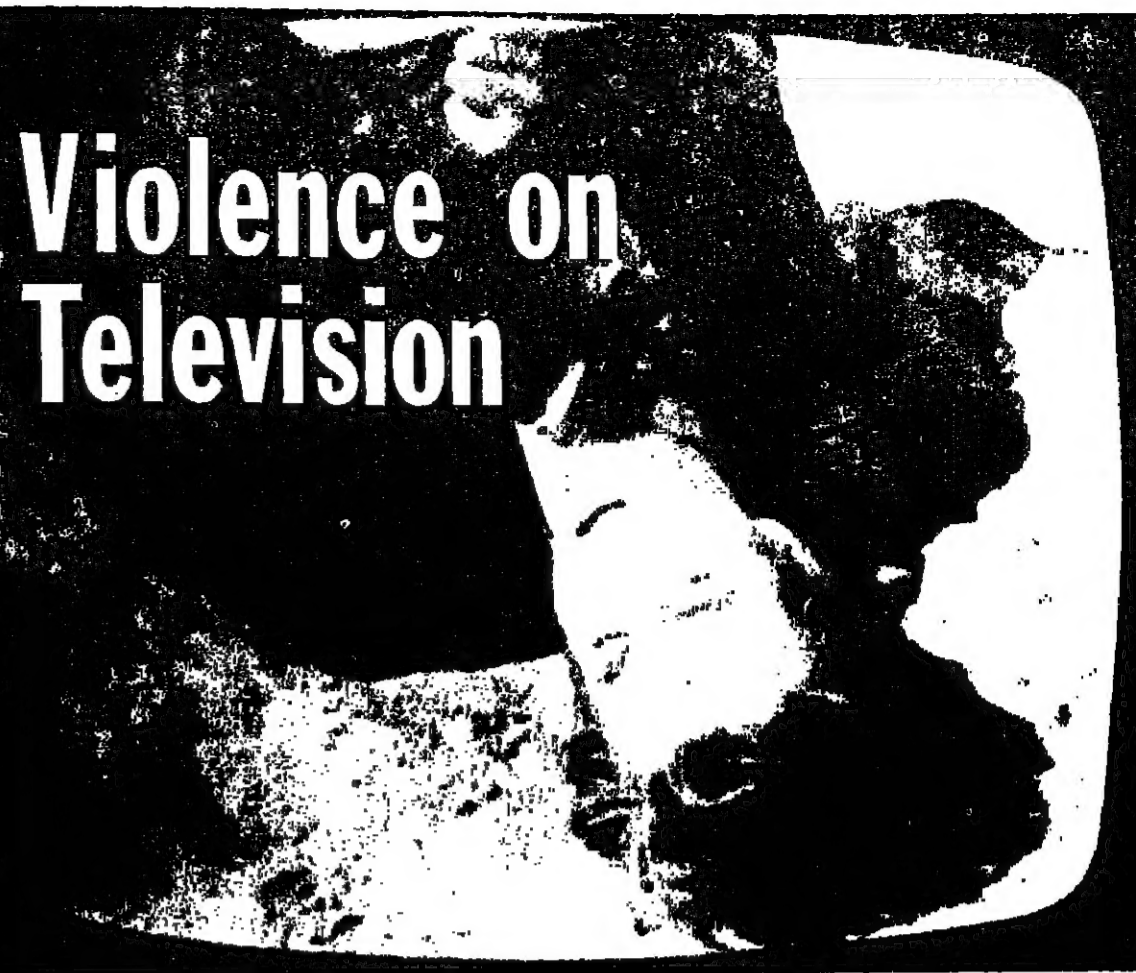
"Another section of the summary contends that while there is some evidence that TV may aggression among adolescent viewers, it is much less certain that any long-term damage can result from attention, it is hardly surprising that social scientists are starting to investigate the subject of TV violence.

The Surgeon General of the U.S. allocated \$1m. to a study of "Television and Growing Up: The Impact of Televised Violence." The impact, he noted, is contained in the Surgeon General's Commission is that it says all things to all men. A summary was apparently very ambiguous. N.B.C., C.B.S. and A.B.C. were naturally delighted to conclude from it that violence does children no harm: the "New York Times" headline stated "TV Violence Held Unharmful to Youth," and "Time" magazine read the summary of the report in much the same cheering way.

In a careful analysis of what happened "Newsweek" alleged that N.B.C. and A.B.C., two of America's leading television companies, succeeded in blackballing seven of the 12 scientists originally scheduled to investigate violence, only C.B.S. taking the lofty line that it did not want a biased committee. The others had no such qualms and got in five of the 12 scientists, known as "the network five." They managed, according to "Newsweek," "to obfuscate and dilute most key findings that were detrimental to television's image." Only three scientists were very critical of TV.

Relying on one of these critics, Robert M. Lebert, a clinical psychologist, "Newsweek" wrote: "The summary concedes that some children may become more aggressive after viewing video violence — but it leads the reader to believe that 'some' is a small, already aggression-prone group. In fact, this small, allegedly deviant group, actually makes up more than half of the youngsters in many of the studies made. The summary also suggests that children's response to televised blood and gore may be mitigated by their perception of such violence as 'fantasy.' In fact, concluded one experiment, 'violent fictional programmes are seen (by the young) as highly realistic, even more so than news and documentaries.'

The research team suggested, rather hesitantly, as a hypothesis



(Rubinger)

Several recent studies have probed the effect of violence in television programming, particularly on the young. The Post's PHILIP GILLON takes a look at American, British and Israeli studies, and talks with DOV SHINAR, author of the Israeli report.

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The Surgeon General of the U.S. allocated \$1m. to a study of "Television and Growing Up: The Impact of Televised Violence." The impact, he noted, is contained in the Surgeon General's Commission is that it says all things to all men. A summary was apparently very ambiguous. N.B.C., C.B.S. and A.B.C. were naturally delighted to conclude from it that violence does children no harm: the "New York Times" headline stated "TV Violence Held Unharmful to Youth," and "Time" magazine read the summary of the report in much the same cheering way.

In a careful analysis of what happened "Newsweek" alleged that N.B.C. and A.B.C., two of America's leading television companies, succeeded in blackballing seven of the 12 scientists originally scheduled to investigate violence, only C.B.S. taking the lofty line that it did not want a biased committee. The others had no such qualms and got in five of the 12 scientists, known as "the network five." They managed, according to "Newsweek," "to obfuscate and dilute most key findings that were detrimental to television's image." Only three scientists were very critical of TV.

Relying on one of these critics, Robert M. Lebert, a clinical psychologist, "Newsweek" wrote: "The summary concedes that some children may become more aggressive after viewing video violence — but it leads the reader to believe that 'some' is a small, already aggression-prone group. In fact, this small, allegedly deviant group, actually makes up more than half of the youngsters in many of the studies made. The summary also suggests that children's response to televised blood and gore may be mitigated by their perception of such violence as "fantasy." In fact, concluded one experiment, "violent fictional programmes are seen (by the young) as highly realistic, even more so than news and documentaries."

The research team suggested, rather hesitantly, as a hypothesis

nades were thrown in the Tel Aviv bus station, was cut. Many items are cut because they are considered "vulgar," or liable to hurt the feelings of viewers.

Violence in Israel turns out to be not nearly as great a problem as elsewhere. Shinar found that there is more sensitivity in Israel about such matters as security, morale, religion and politics than there is about violence, perhaps because we have relatively little of it.

EXAMINING all these conflicting reports from the U.S., Britain and Israel left me as confused as I was when I went into the subject: nobody gave a clear answer to the simple question of whether violence was bad for viewers, particularly the young, or not. So I turned to Dov Shinar in person. Born in Brazil, he was educated at the Hebrew University and the University of Pennsylvania, runs courses in Eilahu Katz's Communications Institute, and hopes to get his Ph.D. shortly.

He agrees that the research results so far are disappointingly inconclusive, but explains that this is inevitable: to get a really clear picture, it is essential to examine the total environment as well as the television programmes seen by the viewers tested. This involves an enormous investment of time, money and energy: the U.S. Surgeon-General's report is only a beginning, and that cost \$1m.

Dr. Frederick Wertham rocked the American boat considerably when he proclaimed that there was a TV School in Violence, leading to a sharp rise in violence in fact: he found that there was a direct link between the box and the blows. Five years ago Dr. Milton Eisenhower's committee examined the problem by analysing the content of dramas, rather than trying to test viewers — the first time this was done — and he came up with some curious results. He found that TV violence is not painful, no blood flows, no wounds or bruises or aches result from these battles (witness the imperturbable Saint). The context is generally remote and unfamiliar, the fight takes place in a faraway land or at a different period. Both the goodies and the baddies use violence, but crime never pays in the end; it is the goodies' violence that wins. To be sure, the goodies' violence is often a faraway land or at a different period. Both the goodies and the baddies use violence, but crime never pays in the end; it is the goodies' violence that wins. To be sure, the goodies' violence is often a faraway land or at a different period. Both the goodies and the baddies use violence, but crime never pays in the end; it is the goodies' violence that wins.

In the meanwhile, we face this very difficult choice. "The Persuaders" or "Hawaii Five-O"?

I put it to him that aggression and violence are characteristics of man. All literature — the Bible, the Greeks, Shakespeare — is a record of violence far more shocking than anything TV can devise. So, for that matter, is most history. Isn't television merely holding up a mirror to nature, even though it may be a distorting mirror?

Dov Shinar concedes that aggression is obviously deep-rooted in man, and may indeed have some positive aspects. But that does not mean that it has to be expressed in violence. He fears that television may de-sensitize us, may make us immune to the shock caused by violence — but this, he emphasizes, is merely an impression, not the result of any research. Against the de-sensitization theory is the argument that it was TV news coverage of the Vietnam war that produced the great flowering of pacifism and anti-war feeling in the U.S.

Why pick on television when every other aspect of life is so full of violence? Why this discrimination against our favorite programmes? He says that television is different from reading or any other activity, because it brings the film right into the home, makes it part of our daily lives.

"If I had a lot of money for research," concludes Lov, "I would take carefully selected samples of society and find what influences the people concerned. Not only in breadth, but also in depth. Not just television, dramas, but a totality of influences. It would be difficult, very difficult. But it has to be done, not only for television; we really should know what makes our society tick the way it does." In the meanwhile, we face this very difficult choice. "The Persuaders" or "Hawaii Five-O"?

ment for wrongdoing is generally a quick, clean death, not a long-drawn-out trial.

One of the old theories now generally rejected is that identification with violent performers on television serves as a catharsis. This belief was that, after an evening with the Saint or Marshal Dillon, the viewer toddles happily off to bed instead of beating his wife — or his little brother or parents, if he is a child. It is now generally accepted that violence on TV does not provide an easy outlet for aggression. It does, of course, provide an escape from pretty grim reality for most people.

In Israel, children's programmes are selected so as to avoid too much violence. And yet, Dov Shinar points out, there can be considerable danger here. One violent incident in "Lassie," normally an innocuous programme, may upset the children more than a score of killings in a thriller or Western, because of the close identification. Cartoons, according to Dov Shinar, are so clearly fantasies that they contain any amount of violence without doing any harm.

The weakness of all the research, it seems to me, is that workers are investigating only the dramas, whereas the news contains most terrifying violence in realistic settings. War, riot, accident, fights, arguments — the daily quota of news is brutal indeed, however much effort is made to filter it. Torturous victims of Arab terrorists or subsequent funerals stir Jews to rage; no doubt pictures of Arabs killed in repeated raids must have the same effect in Arab countries. Who really cares what the Saint and Tigerman do to each other? But one certainly feels violent when a neighbour is killed or wounded by terrorists.

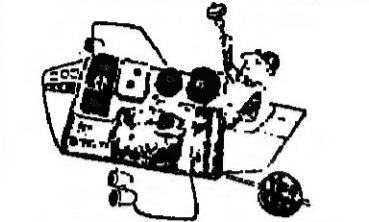
Dov Shinar agrees — that is why, he says, real research would have to be into the total programme, indeed, into the total environment. It is a distortion to pick out television dramas. What about the effects of cinema, the news, newspapers, a tree, a scorpion? True research into violence would have to cover the totality.

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**The coat-hangers of
Vienna**
By Ephraim Kishon

WINTER is a serious affair
in Vienna. Whoever goes out-
doors without an overcoat runs an
excellent chance of subsisting on
apple pie for the next few days.
However, as soon as you enter
any place of public entertainment,
a silver-haired Austrian grandma
shoots up out of the ground and
says:
"Garderobe."
Which is cloakroom in Deutsch.
With that she takes your over-
coat and drags it into her lair,
not to be seen again except
on your way out, against a ran-
som. As a matter of fact, she
doesn't ask for money; she only
returns the kidnapped coat and
says:
"Danke schoen."
Once, in a big Vienna theatre,
I asked the local crane:
"How much do I owe you?"
She answered: "The usual."
That is to say, she isn't in-
terested in the remuneration, she
doesn't do this for the money,
but for the excitement. She is a
fixture of the Austrian capital,
she is one of Vienna's famous
coat removers.
Their single-minded devotion to
the cause is proverbial. A fly
doesn't get into one of the city's
restaurants without removing its
coat. Once, if memory serves me,
I intended just to say a word
to an acquaintance in the re-
nowned Sacher patisserie. I dash-
ed past the hag on duty, but
before I had reached the end of
the hall, the remover barred my
way:
"Garderobe."
"Just for a moment, ma'm," I
threw at her and continued on
my way.
She blocked my further pro-
gress. I jumped aside to bypass
her but she dived and caught my
coat. Dragging her along, I shook
her off and skilfully dribbled
it past her. The old lady caught
me in a running tackle and held
on to my knees with her two

"I won't," he bawled and
pressed his bloodless lips to-
gether.
"I'm sick. I'm running a temper-
ature. I don't want to."
The over-ripe hat-check girl
stood behind him mutely for a
whole hour, never for a second
removing her eyes from the ob-
ject of her lust. In the end, the
distinguished poet broke down
and handed over his coat peace-
fully. One could smell the vio-
lence in the air.



THEY are everywhere, the
grandmas of Vienna. To the end
of my days I shall remember the
time I was sitting in a posh
cinema, when suddenly I felt a
light touch from below. The old
lady had crawled under the seats
up to my coat and now breathed
into the darkness: "Garderobe."

What is the remedy? The story
is told of a Latin-American tourist
Vienna because of the perpetual
coat badgering. One day he wrapp-

ed his naked body in a fur coat
and when the old lady at his hotel
unwrapped him, he was left in
the altogether in the middle of
the crowded lobby. The old lady
handed him his number without
batting an eyelid and placidly
hung up the coat.
Two days before my departure
from the capital of the Hapsburgs
I was awakened at midnight by
a sudden crash. The door of my
hotel room was smashed in and
fell off its hinges. Then the old
woman burst in and made
straight for the closet. She took
my coat out, together with its
hanger.
"Sir," she hissed, "kiss it good-
bye."
Naturally it was only a silly
dream. In the morning my coat
was returned undamaged at the
downstairs cloakroom. The num-
ber 107 was still sticking to it.

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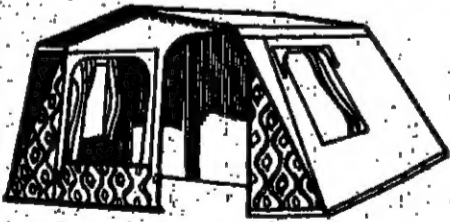


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and delight (including a fascinat-
ing exegesis on verse 34, which
long account of the erection of
the Sanctuary in the wilderness,
constituting as it does of the
account of the faithful and
meticulous fulfillment of the
Master plan, is overwhelmingly,
if not completely, a repetition of
such events, with the
change that where the details are
introduced by the words "Thou
shall make," this portions has
"and he made."
There is one exception in
Nahmanides' commentary on the
portion which deals with the ful-
fillment of that commandment
which belongs wholly to the
world of flora: the making of
anointing oil and the incense
which was used in the Temple.
The verse (Ex. 37:29) reads:
"And he made the holy anoint-
ing oil and the pure incense of
sweet spices, according to the
work of the perfumer." As Nah-
manides cogently points out, this
formulation is entirely different
from those used for the other
parts of the sanctuary which,
without exception, repeat the
materials of which they were
made or compounded, whether
gold, silver, copper or whitish
wood. These ingredients are men-
tioned in the injunction (Lev. 20:
24-27, and 24:27); why then the
distinction?
The exposition of Nahmanides
for both these passages is a joy
and delight (including a fascinat-
ing exegesis on verse 34, which
was omitted from the printed
editions and has been restored in
Rabbi Chavel's new authoritative
edition: see p.499 and note 38);
but exigencies of space oblige me
merely to give his conclusion.
It is in the effect that the
answering words, *ma'aseh rokach*,
"the work of the perfumer." He
suggests that the delicate com-
pounding of the oils and the
incense was left entirely to the
highly skilled perfumers who
jealously kept the secret art of
the mixing to themselves.
That was certainly the case
with regard to the production of
the incense used in the Second
Temple. It was a monopoly of
a family called the Bet Avians,
and they kept it as a monopoly
and resolutely refused to teach it
to others. At first, the rabbis
strongly reproved them for this
but later they justified them
(Yoma 311), and in that passage
omitted from the printed editions
and restored by Chavel, Nahman-
ides quotes a Midrash which
explains the remarkable differ-
ence between the text of the
ingredients given in the Bible
and those given in the Talmud
in the *Pitrom Ha-Ketoret*: "The
rabbi investigated and found
that those eleven ingredients
which were suitable for the
incense." **L.I. RABINOWITZ**

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The writer's struggle for recognition

Is Wright Morris a victim of the N.Y. literary Mafia?

SOME time ago I came across one of the most disturbing book reviews I have read in recent years. It was by Professor John W. Aldridge of the University of Michigan, writing in the "N.Y. Times Book Review," and the book reviewed on a full page of that prestigious organ was "Wright Morris: A Reader." Prof. Aldridge contended that Morris, one of the major contemporary American novelists, is not the major one, was not appreciated by American readers because he did not have the support of the "ethnic groups" who run the American literary establishment. As he put it:



John W. Aldridge: "...justice for Morris..."

"When the publication furor dies away and critics have written their usually laudatory reviews, Morris seems to be more firmly established than ever in his position as the least well known and most widely unappreciated important writer alive in this country. As a result, the effort to obtain justice for Morris has now reached the proportions of a literary Dreyfus case... Why is it that Morris has so far been unable to solve the literary status and readership he would seem by now to have earned... Unlike Saul Bellow, for example, Morris has never been the darling of any influential literary establishment. He has never been recognized as expressing in his work, ideas or experiences that a particular community of intellectuals might identify with or have strong extra-literary interests in promoting. He has therefore lacked a coterie of publicists who could advertise him in the right magazines, inflate him into a fashion."

Prof. Aldridge then went on to state that it was "extremely doubtful if an establishment any longer exists that would be able or willing to support a writer whose fictional interests are generally American rather than oriented specifically to a minority group, and whose best novels are not about the urban East but the rural and small-town life of the Midwest." In short, he argued that if Morris, the most American of writers, was ignored and neglected and most of his books were out of print, it was the New York literary clique (by implication) what Truman Capote has dubbed the "New York literary Mafia," who were to blame.

Other questions

As I said, for obvious reasons, I was profoundly disturbed by this review. The penetrating odour of anti-Semitism that arose from it was disturbing enough; but then, it called up other questions as well. Why isn't Morris better known and more read? Why has there been such relatively so little attention paid to his work?

I have been reading Morris' books for years, almost since they first began to appear, which was in 1942, when he published his first novel, "My Uncle Dudley." His latest one, "Fire Sermon," is his 20th book and his 15th novel; so, in speaking of Morris, to quote Granville Hicks' helpful and evocative introduction to the "Reader," we are dealing with "more than 25 years of disciplined productivity... what the French would call *un oeuvre*." All these 25 years I have been following Morris' work with very mixed feelings.

Many good writers have certain "primal scenes" which unleash in them that peculiar flood of excitement and agitation, connection, expansion, reaching-out and forming which we call creativity. Proust's by-now famous madeleine cake dipped in tea; the wilds and falls of Wordsworth's boyhood; the Welsh towns and coastal scenery of Dylan Thomas' childhood; Thomas Hardy's brooding downs; Melville's sea —

mention only a very few of the images which come immediately to mind. In the case of Morris this primal scene, which returns over and over, is the Great Plains of the American Northwest, Nebraska, where he was born and brought up. In some of Morris' work the plains seem to be more the subject of the novel than the people who sparsely populate them.

Morris has produced three books in which he combined photographs with the text, "The Inhabitants," "The Home Place," and "God's Country and My People." He himself did the photography as well as the text, and looking at these bare, spare, isolated places and objects which he captured and reproduced, it is not difficult to understand the enchantment of that enormous emptiness. On the first photograph of "God's Country" there is a photograph of an abandoned house, one of those we have seen in Edward Hopper's paintings. The text facing it reads:

"Is it a house or an ark? A solid seems to blow on the sea of grass and the land falls away like the sea from a swell. On the receding horizons waves of plain break like a surf. The colours run where the grain stirs, or bleed where the blacktop smokes like an oil slick, or evaporate into a shimmering blue of heat and light. The colour scheme is sun-dried denim and kila-dried earth. Like the sea there is no shade. There is no place to hide. A mindless wind fills the void, but nobody hears it; it's the thunderclap of silence that wakes the sleeper. The mast of a dead tree, its spar shattered, tilts to the leeward its fattered rigging; in the winter it is looked in a sea of dry ice. The man who built the house had a whaleman's eyes in a plainsman's face. He brought the clapboards in by ox cart over the rolling cat-trail from Salinas. A windy crossing. Little wonder this house resembles an ark."

As Hicks rightly states, "the comparison of the plains with the sea is not merely a vivid figure of speech; it is one of Morris's ways of telling us what the plains mean to him. They mean, that is, all that the sea meant to Melville or to Conrad — a symbol, if you will, of the universe."

The plains are important to Morris, but more important than the plains themselves is the effect that these enormous rolling flatlands have upon the eye of the beholder. Morris himself commented: "As a writer, of the South inclines toward

WRIGHT MORRIS: A READER. Introduction by Granville Hick. N.Y., Harper and Row. 648 pp. \$12.95.

FIRE SERMON by Wright Morris. N.Y., Harper and Row. 155 pp. \$5.95.

Reviewed by
Lois Bar Yaacov



Wright Morris — "a literary Dreyfus case."

tree, and no shadow, and no place to hide.

In his latest work, "Fire Sermon," Morris has written what I think is one of his few completely successful novels, and to do it he came full circle. "My Uncle Dudley," his first novel, consisted of the picaresque adventures of a youngster and his sharp uncle who made a trip by car, collecting workers on the way, from the Los Angeles of California to the banks of the Mississippi.

The narrator in that book was called The Kid. In "Fire Sermon" (which once upon a time Morris might have called "My Great-Uncle Floyd"), the narrator is The Boy, an 11-year-old orphan who has lost "his father, his mother, two four-month-old Hereford calves, and his dog, Schroeder" in a car accident near their farm in Sacramento, California. His only surviving relatives are a great-aunt Viola, and his great-uncle Floyd. His 80-year-old aunt still lives on the family's homestead in Chapman, Nebraska, but she can't take the boy as a she herself is an invalid being cared for by a neighbour, so he goes instead to stay with his uncle, himself over 80, who makes his living working as the handyman in the trailer camp in California where he has been living for the past 12 years.

Disparate worlds

On the side, the old man, who "doesn't like kids, he thinks they're all a pain in the ass," acts as a guard at a school crossing. This unlikely pair, who are living in the very close physical proximity of a trailer, are in two such disparate worlds that one has a feeling of schizophrenic void when reading of their life together. Aunt Viola's weekly letter, full of advice, religion and love, which is contemptuously dismissed (on the surface) by Uncle Floyd, is really the only thing that holds them together. For the boy it makes sense out of what otherwise would be a totally absurd world.

"If the boy had made a good adjustment to the fact that he was now an orphan, it was surely thanks to his Aunt Viola. She had carefully explained where his mother now was, waiting for him, and that also... (Continued on page 14)

The plains vision

One of the peculiarities of the plains vision is that as objects seem to acquire a life within them, so people take on something of the character of objects, etched, edged and isolated. Take, for example, the opening words of "Fire Sermon":

"What the boy sees where the children are crossing makes his eyes squint. It is a long city block to the grade school exit where the old man gleams in the sun like a stop sign, and that is how he looks. He wears a yellow plastic helmet and an orange jacket with the word STOP stencilled on the back of it. The flaming colour makes the word shimmer and hard to read. He might even be a dummy — the word GO stencilled on the front of the helmet — but anyone who knows anything at all knows it's the boy's great-uncle Floyd. He's actually pretty much alive but those who don't know it cry out shrilly, 'Are you a dummy, Mr. Warner?'"

Morris' people seem to live totally separate lives together, like the couple in Grant Wood's "American Gothic," bolt upright, untouched, staring straight to the front, without even a sidelong glance at one another. Are Morris' people lonely? We have no way of knowing, because their conscious thoughts are confined to the surface of things, to objects and actions. They are more often tragicomic than tragic. An atmosphere of emotional starvation surrounds them, but only the outsider among them, the outcast, the misfit (or the artist) is even slightly aware of it.

In many of his books he has returned again and again to a kind of central cast of American characters: a young boy — or the adult that boy has become — who acts as a camera eye, looking and absorbing the strange world of the adults, not so much wondering as photographing for future reference; an elderly uncle with the stubborn

The Passover drama

By Stanford Kopit

RUTH Fainlight (Alan Sillitoe's wife) writes about terror. It is not the terror of Edgar Allan Poe or Sylvia Plath, but one based on the emptiness of upper-middle-class life. In her "Soir de Fete" and "The Expatriates," death, loneliness, insanity, escapism and vile people abound. Though I share Mrs Fainlight's feelings concerning upper-middle-class ugliness, I must say that her stories have already been told — and more masterfully.

How to make the Seder your own

A FEAST OF HISTORY by Chaim Raphael. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 259pp. with 90 black and white illustrations and 64 pages of colour. £4—12.90.

Reviewed by
Moshe Kohn

THIS is the only "new" Passover Haggadah to come to my attention so far this year — in contradistinction to previous years, when, at this period, there were already some half a dozen to study for their attempts at novelty or "relevance." I hope that this means mainly that the would-be innovators have taken time to reflect seriously upon the heart of the problem of making the Passover drama relevant to each new Seder generation — and each year there arises a new generation of those who ask and are capable of beginning to understand the answers to the Four (and more) Questions — or rather, in the words of the Haggadah:

"In every generation, one is obliged to consider oneself as if he himself came out of Egypt," that is, the problem of making ourselves relevant to the Haggadah.

Comprehensive summary

One may further hope that future innovators will, before rushing into print, have carefully studied the present Haggadah, especially the 146-page introduction and bibliography by Chaim Raphael, who also provides a new translation. This introduction contains a comprehensive summary of all the information and speculation on the history of the Haggadah and the role it has played in different periods; the history of the Passover festival; the history of the Seder; and the Exodus route. The book contains the traditional Haggadah text, with both the Hebrew and the English, beautifully printed. The illustrations greatly enhance the educational and the aesthetic value of the book.

Concerning relevance, for example, Raphael tells us:

"Ancient as the words of the Haggadah are, we know that we shall hear in them something which has been prepared for us alone. In one sense, time stands still: the ritual of the Seder is set out and followed as it has been, in essentials, for nearly two thousand years. But in another sense, the words have always been charged with fresh meaning for each generation by the situation and drama of the times. And if this has been true throughout history, how infinitely more personal is the message of the Haggadah for our own times, where the stories it contains — of slavery, exodus, the battles with Egypt, and the triumphs of settlement in the ancestral land — are re-enacted daily before our own eyes."

Not the ancient alone, for its own sake; not the novel alone, for its own sake; but the ancient as the direct and foundation of who and what we are, and the novel as each



"This is the bread of affliction" — page from the 16th-century Darmstadt Haggadah, facsimiles of which were produced in 1957 in Leipzig and last year by the Springer Publishers in Hamburg.

generation's way of grasping the immediacy of the ancient drama to the drama of its own life: the relevance of its own struggles to the ancient struggles; as each person's way of discovering the ongoingness of the Exodus story and the meaning of the injunction to:

"consider oneself as if he himself came out of Egypt."

If wonder, incidentally, why Chaim Raphael saw fit to translate this passage into "every Jew must feel" when the Hebrew explicitly uses the general term "adam," meaning "one" or "a person." How does his translation enhance either the Jewishness or the universality of the Haggadah? On the contrary, it probably detracts from the latter. And surely the Rabbits who issued the above injunction knew enough words for "Jew," if that is what they wished to say here.)

The point about this Haggadah — as if you yourselves came out of Egypt.

Not vintage Deighton

In his excellent thriller, Len Deighton managed to write both a sound mystery and investigate the futility of individual choice when societal forces are in play. The mechanized Establishment effectively blocks free will in favour of a determinism imposed not by the gods but by the leaders themselves. Deighton's previous novel, "Bombardier," moved from espionage to war, maintaining the theme of invisible irreversible process governing the horror. This move is continued in the sketches which make up **DECLARATION OF WAR** (London, Jonathan Cape, 205 pp., £1.50). Deighton composed 13 movements on the theme that men at war are themselves victims of the dehumanized roles into which they are forced by rigid societies and greedy governments. The examples range from the Romans against Hannibal to the Americans in Vietnam. The exciting air-fight scenes serve to reinforce the mechanical aspects of war, in which the pilot is merely an adjunct part of the plane. Deighton has a penchant for trick endings (along the lines of guess-what war I'm describing now), and ultimately the sketches are disappointing compared to vintage Deighton. But as always there is the hallmark of good writing with something (not too difficult) below the surface.

In the latest of the Penguin series which has published new writers as well as such established names as Bernard Malamud, Sylvia Plath, John Updike, and Susan O'Faolain, we are presented with eight stories — two each by four different authors. All the stories are published in England for the first time in **FORTY SHORT STORIES**, edited by Judith Burnley (144 pp., 25p.).

V.S. Pritchett's "Our Wife" and "The Editor Regrets..." are, like most of Pritchett's short stories, excellent. Molly is the name of the heroine of "Our Wife":

"The noise is what has attracted us all to her. We have loved it. She loves an argument. Anything will do."

This mini-apocalypse (under five feet tall) proves to be too explosive for any one man to manage. She requires two men at a time. The delightful, penetrating characterization of Molly is typical of her author: Pritchett adamantly refuses to resort to melodrama. There is sentiment, but the words are tough, real, controlled, and filled with insight.

In "The Editor Regrets..." it is our feelings of sadness and empathy that are lapped. The face of the editor, Macaulay Droad, "was an actor's, the nose carved for dramatic occasions, the lips for the public platform." Droad, in fact, was always on stage, always deep in make-up for the role of crusading liberal newspaper editor. Years of studiously perfecting his acting technique had made him proficient. He learned the art of hiding his specific, real self (and all the pain that must necessarily accompany a truly sensitive life) behind a series of general, vague words of protest against the world's injustices. It is, ironically, a homely, heavy woman (the type he could never tolerate) who manages to pierce his thick make-up. This what he sees as the tragic absurdity of life: we die just at the moment we begin to understand that we know nothing.

FREDERICH Busch is contemporary in both theme and voice. In "Something is Moving Just Under the Skin" and "Breathing Trouble" he deals with the absurdity and terror and pain and humiliation of army physical examinations, marriage, and old age. Humour is immediate to his writings, a dark, bitter humour. What is refreshing is a uniqueness in the methods Busch chooses to weave the stories: interwoven flashback and deliberate vagueness abound. Sometimes they work. Other times they only manage to confuse the reader and seem too contrivedly clever. Busch must find a way to be less clever and more real. I believe he will find it.

I WAS surprised to find Mel Calman included in a short-story anthology, after having once followed his fascinating cartoons in the British press. "The Fifty Minute Hour" is Calman's first published writing without the aid of cartoon. It is a brief, stream-of-consciousness episode relating the inner-workings of a sensitive, troubled man unable to express his essence to a psychiatrist. Thoughts of despair and death immobilize the silent patient. He remains mute throughout the session. The problem with the story is that there is lack of specific detail, and therefore the character does not come to life.

"The Artist" is a worded cartoon piece in which Calman captures what he sees as the tragic absurdity of life: we die just at the moment we begin to understand that we know nothing.

Political Dictionary of the Middle East in the 20th century

edited by Yaakov Shimoni and Evyatar Levine

This authoritative guide contains a wealth of information on the historical, political, geopolitical, social and military aspects of the countries of the Middle East, as well as an account of the roles of the major powers and of the other countries which have played a part in the political development of the region since the beginning of the century. The 760 entries, arranged in alphabetical order for easy reference, and including 100 illustrations and 25 maps, have been written by some 50 experts on the Middle East and its problems.

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MIDWEST AS METAPHOR

(Continued from page 12)

The Prisoner of Sex

To the Jerusalem Post Literary Editor... As Professor Beryl Lang observes in his review of Norman Mailer's "The Prisoner of Sex" (your issue of February 18), good writing need not be a barrier to good thinking.

On earth says that there is a cumulative endeavour to produce the perfect ovum? How would one know that on had produced it or be in a position to take advantage of it if one had?

The main action of the story, the trip "back-home" to California, is precipitated by the death of the old woman, Uncle Floyd decides that the boy, who is "next-of-kin," ought to go back to repossess his property.

The first part of Mailer's book is, one cannot deny, a treasure trove of fine writing and his closely argued appreciations of Miller, Lawrence and their detractors are persuasive.

His practical solutions to the day-to-day problems of living together boll down to the declaration that even if the woman he loves should sprain her back before a hundred sinks of dishes in a month he would not help her if his work should suffer, not unless her work was as valuable as his own.

When they start out, they pass a hippy couple hitching on the road. Now hippies are anathema to Uncle Floyd - pot-smoking, sex-crazy, "young heathens" - so naturally he picks them up. The boy is powerfully attracted to them, though, especially the girl, who has long purple lights, hair straw-colored hair over her face.

Incidentally, his highly idiosyncratic thumbnail sketch of the Jews, so distorted as to be a caricature, scarcely needs refutation. He needlessly denies their sole responsibility for the essential spirit of technology but presents them as its herald, having freed themselves from the "profoundest primitive tradition still alive in Europe" and having decided "to ignore taboo and experiment with nature."

Prof. Lang concludes by saying that he cannot imagine anyone failing to admire Mailer's book; admiration, though, ought not to be pursued to such an unphilosophical extent that it is a barrier to criticism.

MARCIA KRETZMER

Prof. Lang replies:

Miss Kretzmer suggests that the function of the inner (as opposed to what? organs is inexplicable, and thus that we should expect to view the history of the relation between body and spirit without referring to that function.

Russia and her Jews

ORIGINALLY published in Hebrew under the pseudonymous authorship of Ben Ami, BETWEEN HAMMER AND SICKLES by Aris L. Enay (N.Y., Signet Updated Edition, 297 pp., \$1.25.) provides an enlightening glimpse of the precarious position of Soviet Jewry today, as observed by the author when he was that Secretary of the Israeli Embassy in Moscow in 1959-60.

As the old man and the boy move through the junk-cluttered, oil-lit rooms, Uncle Floyd has a kind of seizure. The boy calls his newfound hippy friends to help him take his uncle out to the trailer to his down. The hippies move into the house. A kind of metamorphosis takes place. Naturally, when the old man and the boy come looking for them in the evening, they find them, the oil lamp lit, sitting naked in Aunt Viola's old fourposter bed, surrounded by their shamelessness, their naked enjoyment of their own enjoyment. We don't dig it dark, Pop," Stanley says, "We're scared shitless of the dark, aren't we, baby?"

ADRIENNE DOD

Living in a graveyard

When this weird foursome pulls into Chapman, they find a town where the majority of the inhabitants seem to be living in the neat white graveyard. Aunt Viola's home, an enormous, two-story, abandoned hulk out beyond a lot of junk-scattered empty lots, houses all the debris of generations - "if the kids didn't want it they left it to Viola."

As the old man and the boy move through the junk-cluttered, oil-lit rooms, Uncle Floyd has a kind of seizure. The boy calls his newfound hippy friends to help him take his uncle out to the trailer to his down. The hippies move into the house. A kind of metamorphosis takes place. Naturally, when the old man and the boy come looking for them in the evening, they find them, the oil lamp lit, sitting naked in Aunt Viola's old fourposter bed, surrounded by their shamelessness, their naked enjoyment of their own enjoyment.

Now, without even knowing that the book's title, "Fire Sermon," is the title of the third section of Eliot's "Waste Land," it doesn't take symbol-hunting to understand that Morris meant this book to have a meaning beyond the simple level of its story.

"Fire Sermon" is successful because it has two things that many of Morris' earlier novels lacked - a sympathetic central figure and a clearly worked out artistic intent. The realization that I had to create coherence, conjure up my aesthetics, rather than find it, came to me, as it does to most Americans, disturbingly late.

Why people read

People read books for different reasons and on different levels. There is, first and foremost, the level of pure enjoyment - and Morris himself values it most. He talks of the need for a "dialogue between the writer and the reader... without which a book is powerless to speak."

Thomas Wolfe

The choice is voluntary. Morris has written of the failure of American writers who simply lived in the overflow vitality of their raw material (Thomas Wolfe, for example) and were too voluntary a not, his straining over significance in scenes sometimes completely devoid of action, or scenes jammed with action to the exclusion of all emotion, is counter-productive.

Remote symbols

And to the average urban, second- or third-generation American whose family settled in and rose out of the city ghetto, Morris' people of the symbols and objects which so deeply engage him, are as remote as to any foreigner. No, I'll go further. It's easier to read Morris in Israel than it is in New York.

Without question a serious writer, deeply engaged, not one of that loathsome crew of professionals who believe that everything is equal, that all you have to do is study the market and then turn out this perfect consumer product.

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Fish Festival

Jerusalem Post Reporter

TEL AVIV.

ONE of the major problems facing hoteliers in this country lies in offering an interesting, varied menu within the limitations imposed by kosher and locally available ingredients, and also taking into account the matter of catering for tourists from a wide variety of countries, all with very different tastes and palates.



The two chefs - Knut Helland (left) of Frionor Norway and Sander Goldstein, of the Dan Hotel Tel Aviv - meet the press during a luncheon marking the opening of the Fish Festival.

In an attempt to enliven hotel menus, the Dan Hotel this week launched its Fish Festival, held in Frionor for the occasion - the Norwegian frozen fish concern, and the Carmel Mizrahi Wine Cellars. Two expert chefs - the Dan Hotel's Sander Goldstein and Knut Helland, a Norwegian chef specially "lent" by Frionor for the occasion - worked together, coming up with a variety of new recipes, which were presented to the press.

The Fish Festival is currently being held in the Dan Hotel's Grill Room and will also take place in all other hotels in the same chain within the coming weeks. Many of the recipes might well provide the housewife with some ideas for new ways of presenting fish: among the Norwegian chef's creations were a delicious boiled salth with spinach and cheese sauce and a refreshing summer salad of cod (recipes for which are printed here) as well as a hot dish of boiled salth with apple and curry sauce and Norwegian style fried fish steaks with onion rings.

The Ploce de resistance of Dan chef Sander Goldstein was undoubtedly the simplest dish he offered: an entire cold salmon, cooked to perfection in a court bouillon, served with a fine, smooth-textured Hollandaise sauce and beautifully decorated to form a worthy centerpiece to the fish buffet.

landaise sauce and beautifully decorated to form a worthy centerpiece to the fish buffet. (The only pity of it is that whole frozen salmon, imported by the Israel Cold Storage Company, is available only to hotels and restaurants or supplied to him, for smoking.)

Sander Goldstein also used his imagination to good purpose, coming up with a surprising but tasty Fish Stroganoff, based on frozen fish fillet. Other dishes naturally featured local fishes such as burri, carp and St. Peter's fish.

Here are two of the Norwegian recipes from the Dan Hotel's Fish Festival:

Cooked Salth with Spinach and Cheese Sauce

400 grams Frionor salth, 1 tablespoon butter, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 1/2 cups cream and milk, 1 egg yolk, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 pack frozen spinach.

fish stock and the milk-cream. Add the grated cheese and the egg yolk. Place the fish on a hot dish, pour out the sauce over the fish, put the spinach around it, and top with paprika.

Summer Dish of Frionor Cod 400 grams Frionor cod, 1 tablespoon butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, juice of 1/2 lemon, 100 grams mayonnaise, cucumber, tomatoes, capers, 2 hard boiled eggs, lettuce.

Cut the fish the Frionor-way and cook in water as stated on the pack. Let the fish slices stay in the stock until it is cold. Drain the fish portions and place on a serving-dish. Mix the mayonnaise with some of the fish stock and add with some extra spices - curry, paprika, etc. Place a spoonful of sauce on each fish portion. Decorate the fish with cucumber and tomato-slices, capers, eggs and lettuce (radishes and parsley can also be used for topping).

TRIUMPH IN THE NUDE

COPENHAGEN (Reuter). - THE 35-year-old master of the Danish Royal Ballet, Flemming Flindt, scored a triumph at the Royal Theatre here on Friday in a new ballet in which he, his blonde ballerina wife Vivi Gøtler and other members of the company appear on stage completely naked.

The new work, "The Triumph of Death," is by French playwright Eugene Ionesco, with choreography by Flemming Flindt. Described as a "dance drama," the work is danced to heavy music by the Danish group "The Savage Rose." It is a harsh description of humanity's extinction by environmental pollution.

In one scene several of the leading dancers, including Miss Gøtler, strip naked as they go into a wild orgy in a fashion boutique. In another scene, Flindt, portraying a wealthy man who tries to buy survival, appears completely nude as he is sprayed with an antibiotic to protect him from the plague.

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Wedding in Spain

By Fenton Wheeler

MADRID (AP).

ONE of Spain's biggest social events of this century took place on Wednesday when Gen. Francisco Franco's favourite granddaughter married a Borbon prince in a ceremony attracting everybody from magnate to matador.

The guest list ranged from Jacqueline Onassis to former Argentine dictator, Juan D. Peron; from the Begum Aga Khan to a Spanish photographer taking pictures for the American magazine Vogue; from Princess Grace of Monaco to Spain's top bullfighter, Luis Miguel Dominguez, the Henry Forde II and the Guy de Rothschild and a long list of European royalty.

In all, more than 2,000 persons were invited to Franco's El Pardo palace for the wedding of Maria del Carmen Martinez-Bordiu, 21, and handsome Prince Alfonso de Borbon y Dampierre, 35, Spain's Ambassador to Sweden.

The event far outshone the wedding of her mother Carmen, Franco's only child, and the Marquessa de Villaverde, when she married the Marquis de Villaverde in the same chapel 22 years ago.

The union also is expected to propel Alfonso into an improved but yet undetermined political future. But government ministers scoff at the idea that the marriage has political implications or that it will affect Alfonso's first cousin, Prince Juan Carlos de Borbon, Spain's next king.

Juan Carlos has been named officially by Franco to succeed the General as Chief of State when Franco dies or retires. Juan Carlos will be the country's first king since his grandfather, who is also Alfonso's grandfather, abdicated in 1931.

Aside from possible political readings, the marriage of the vivacious Maria del Carmen and the handsome sports-minded prince has caught the fancy of a good part of the population.



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ROJA PARIS. The new work, "The Triumph of Death," is by French playwright Eugene Ionesco, with choreography by Flemming Flindt.

ROJA PARIS. Rola net collure fibre. chevaux normans.



Shirt NEWS

FROM NIBA

Naval look (left) appears in a lightweight cotton knit shirt with tie-fronted, square backed sailor collar and anchor trim — available in many different colours. Belted safari style shirt (centre) has nice detailing, comes in blue and white gingham checks

In a cotton/Diolen fabric. Slim-fit black Banlon shirt (right) has epaulettes and insets in gay red and white gingham.

By Catherine Rosenheimer

Jerusalem Post Fashion Reporter
TEL AVIV —
WHAT is a shirt? Where Niba are concerned, it can be a piece of clothing designed in France, Italy or Israel, made here in locally produced fabrics — mostly Banlon or cotton/Diolen and appearing in virtually every conceivable form.
Leaving aside, for the moment, the design angle, one of the most important points which emerged during a recent interview with Israel Baruch (grandson of Nissim Baruch who founded the firm in 1934) was the question of "equal rights," customer.

Equal rights for whom? — for the local market and export buyers. As from the beginning of this year, Niba has decided to show their new collections simultaneously to both foreign and Israeli buyers, so that orders can be made up together and customers here can enjoy the same designs as are sold for export.
Sounds simple and logical enough but, sad to say, it is far from being established policy in many ready-to-wear concerns and even food manufacturers, who produce top-quality merchandise for the competitive export market, but consider that securing a customer is more than good enough for the unfortunate local market.

Ginghams and the naval look are two of the important themes in Spring and Summer shirts and tops, although Niba are not stressing the naval look too strongly. "It is like several of our competitors are featuring it so strongly that we have limited it to just a few styles — simple Banlon T-shirts with anchor motifs or short-sleeved shirts with sailor collars," says Israel Baruch. Ginghams come in all forms, mainly in blue and white: one of the current collection's best-sellers is a checked smock with nice plaid detailing. Ginghams also appear in belted safari shirts — like the one pictured here — and as shoulder yoke and pocket insets on plain, slim-cut Banlon shirts.
small-scale geometric and floral prints; a bold numbers print in garrish yellow, red and black with numbers arranged in a series of overlapping squares.
A striking pomegranate design in red, tangerine and purple featured in the recent textile designers' show was bought up by Niba, made up into Banlon smocks which, reportedly, sold well at Fashion Week. (Like turans, Niba report particularly good sales at Fashion Week this year, with orders of \$150,000 taken during the week, exactly double those of last year; total exports are now \$700,000 annually.)
Israel Baruch's claim that "we are now definitely emphasizing the fashion angle" would seem to be well justified on the basis of the current collection. Pleated micro-mini skirts, incidentally, are also included, made in white, blue, black or red and talling at around 11.29.90. They team well with matelot style shirts and, being short, cool and casual, seem all set to take over from the hot pants of last summer.

Hamashbir's bright look for summer

By Joanna Yehiel

Jerusalem Post Reporter
JERUSALEM'S Hamashbir La-zarehan celebrated its 25th birthday with a fashion show at the Beit Ha'am on Monday — complete with models, dancers and even a dress specially designed with the figures "25" upon it.
Despite occasional break-downs in the music and several rather long pauses between the items shown, the show, Hamashbir's first fashion show of this year, went with a swing, mainly due to the two dancing groups, who came on stage dressed in various items to be on sale at the store throughout the next months.

girl of 16, is a major problem, and Hamashbir came up with some good solutions. (Hamashbir has taken on a fashion coordinator, Eve Lyn Gilon, for their Jerusalem store, who is now working in the department.)
One noteworthy selection, right for any age, were the beach cover-ups, in particular, a blue-green butterfly print dress on an orange background, reaching from neck to ankles, with wide, wide butterfly sleeves down to the ground, providing complete protection from the sun.

Adequately mini

Hamashbir has obviously decided that this summer the mini will be back, and it almost completely ignored the shorts, apart from one or two dress and bikini-shorts combinations. The minis were adequately extended T-shirts, some "little girl" dresses with tiny flared skirts and frills, some with polka dots, some with embroidered motifs, and all of them ready for a very long, hot summer.
Proceeds of the show went to the scholarships for students of Jerusalem Ort. Jerusalem's Women's Ort under the chairmanship of Mrs. Magda Grossman, helped organize the show, which was under the patronage of Mrs. Ruth Allon, wife of Minister of Education and Culture Yigal Allon, who also introduced the show.

Simplest

Of the clothes shown, the most successful were the simplest. It particularly liked the jeans and T-shirts, all embroidered with flower or abstract motifs. These showed an appreciation of the fact that most teenagers prefer simple jeans rather than "prettied-up" clothes.
At the other end of the scale, the "women's" garments, often up to a size 62, were also successful (and much appreciated by the audience, which tended to consist more of the middle-aged than the young). The simple, un-fussy, knee-length dresses, often shirtwaisters, proved that the elegant look can be achieved during the summer too, and is not limited to suits or coats. Finding the right summer dress, both light, airy, colourful, and not looking as if it were designed for a

Bringing goods to customer pays off

By Diana Lerner

Special to The Jerusalem Post

NEW YORK. — ISRAELI fashion manufacturers have brought their most fashion-oriented collection to date to the current two week show sponsored by Atid in their New York showroom, stated Robert Keller, President of Atid. The 25 manufacturers and buying agents are receiving repeat orders not only from New York department stores, but many chain stores and boutiques across the U.S. and are aiming to become permanent resources for American buyers, they state.
To help the Israelis to plan their marketing strategy, the Executive Vice-President of B. Altman and the President of Hess's Department Store, a fashion complex which serves an entire region in Pennsylvania, have played hosts to the manufacturers. Their merchandise managers all demonstrating how they develop their fashion concept, promote a fashion image to the public and personal relationships for successful sales. The Israeli visitors have also toured Gimbels East, the elegant new department store which opened on the Upper East Side of New York, last week. They were able to see how a new store develops a fashion image in various departments, with a view to providing merchandise attuned to such needs.

Exceeded

The last Atid fashion show took place in September when some 800 buyers came to view the Israeli merchandise and place orders. The figure is expected to be exceeded during the current show, as emphasis this time has been placed on making the department and chain stores permanent customers of Israeli products.
Women's Wear Daily (the important New York trade paper) reports that an Atid type show to promote French ready-to-wear in the U.S. may be an indication that the idea of bringing the goods to the customer, which they developed for the Israeli firms, is a good idea.



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Asymmetrical
Asymmetrical, contrast-colour insets on classic, bodyline shirts are an important feature in the shirt range designed for Niba by Paolo Frisco of Milan — shirts with a Mondrian look, with random-placed geometric shaped insets in colours like scarlet and bottle green on black shirts or bright yellow obelisks set into a black Banlon tunic — another best-seller.
A natural follow-up to last winter's layered look for Spring and Summer is the all-in-one which looks like a tank top over a shirt — this comes with the vest section in a brown or blue denim effect knit combined with collar and sleeves in plain white.

Variety
Where prints are concerned, there is plenty more variety — ginghams appear here again, this time over-printed with "old fashioned" little floral bouquets; there are lots of...
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THIS WEEK AT THE MUSEUM

Tuesday, March 14, 1972 8 and 8.30 p.m. ART FILM CLUB "Vridiana" (Spain, 1960) with Silvia Pinal, Francisco Rabal, Fernando Rey. Directed by Luis Bunuel.

Tuesday, March 14, 1972 7.30 p.m. GALLERY TALK (Heb.) "Decorated Pottery of the Middle and Late Canaanite Periods" Mrs. Ruth Amiran

Wednesday, March 15, 1972 8.30 p.m. Fourth lecture (Heb.) in the series: "Ancient Cities in Eretz-Israel" "The Jewish City in the Talmudic Period - Its Structure and Organizations" Prof. Shmuel Safrai

EXHIBITIONS The Ploersheimer Collection (Goldmann-Schwartz Hall) Jean Arp in Jerusalem (Goldmann-Schwartz Hall) New Acquisitions in Graphos (Cohen Hall) Artists' Portraits (Library Hall) Old Master Paintings from the Museum's Collection (Spartus Hall)

SPECIAL EXHIBIT Renoir - Portrait of Mme. Paulin, gift of Ogden Phipps

SPECIAL EXHIBIT at Rockefeller Silver treasure of the 8th century B.C.E. Monday 2.30 p.m. (Rockefeller) - mixed classes in painting for Jewish and Arab girls aged 9-12. Registration at Youth Wing (Tel. 38231)

WHAT'S ON

Plant a Tree in Israel With your Own Hand! Free tours for planters to the Hills of Judaea every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call Visitors Department, Excavations in Jerusalem - Rehov King George, corner Rehov Kerem, Rehov Hayastan, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 24440.

ALL WEEK IN JERUSALEM - Israel Museum, 4 p.m.-10 p.m. Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Tues., Thurs., 10 a.m.-10 p.m.; Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Conducted Tours: 1. Tour of Excavations Projects in Jerusalem. 8.30 a.m. Stroussa Excavation, 24 Rehov Stroussa. IL2.40 or 63 cents. Includes transportation and refreshments.

Madassah Tours - 1. Tour of Madassah Projects in Jerusalem. 8.30 a.m. Stroussa Excavation, 24 Rehov Stroussa. IL2.40 or 63 cents. Includes transportation and refreshments. 2. Medical Centre Only, includes visit to Chagall windows, exclusive Audio-Visual Presentation of the "Madassah Story" at 8.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3 p.m. Kennedy Tourist and Information Centre, Medical Centre, No charge. Bus tickets 19 and 27. For further information Tel. 38833, Jerusalem.

The Israel National Opera 1 Allenby Road, Tel Aviv Tel. 57228 Tomorrow, March 11 THE GYPSY BARON

The Public Council of Journalists and Artists A festive evening in honour of Pesahke Burstein on the occasion of his 50th anniversary on the stage will be held in the presence of Premier Golda Meir on Thursday, April 6, 1972, at 8.30 p.m. in Heichal Hatarbut

With the participation of: PESAHKE BURSTEIN, with his famous songs LILIAN LUX SHMUEL FINKEL SHMUEL RODENSKI SHMUEL SEGAL RAFAEL KLATZKIN LIA KOENIG ZISE GOLD PERALE MAGER ARIEL FURMAN Moderator: MIKE BURSTEIN

Second part: THE MEGILLA by Itzik Manger with the original cast Sale of tickets has begun at Atid, 5 Rehov Hagall, Tel. 31685, Tel Aviv, and at other agencies.

ENCOUNTER WORKSHOPS Begun la Gvusha (once a week, no fee) to register in advance. IL2 Tel Aviv, Eyal Erlich House, 10 Rehov Kaplan

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SUNDAY! Sheraton Hotel's Famous Sunday Night Buffet Enjoy Sheraton's generously loaded buffet tables - eat as much as you can - and after dinner visit the Magic Carpet Night Club. One all inclusive price: IL2. - (including taxes).

SOVA RESTAURANT KOSHER 3 Rehov Hahistadrut, Tel. 222266, 221396, Jerusalem Self-Service and Dairy Cafeteria For Saturdays and Holidays please make your arrangements in advance.

ASSA RESTAURANT Oriental & European Specialties Special Charcoal Grill Pleasant Atmosphere Tel. 227382 Background Music 19 Bograshov corner Pinsker T-A

THE LITTLE ENGLISH THEATRE presents "TAKE TWO" "THE DRAPES COME" by Charles Dizenzo "TREVOR" comedy by John Bowen SUNDAY, March 12 and WEDNESDAY, March 15, at the Z.O.A. House, at 8.30 p.m. Tickets: Kococo, Union, Z.O.A. House and hotels.

Pargod Theatre • Club International The Club for New Jerusalemites 42 Rehov Talport of Rehov Usslekhin, bus No. 5 with: JERRY EVANS ARNOLDO JULIO A Get-together over a cup of Coffee with Dancing Tickets IL2.50

THE YIDDISH MUSICAL THEATRE Presents the international stars HENRI GERBO ROSITA LONDNER in the musical comedy ERLECH IZ SHVERLECH with a large cast of the best Yiddish actors Musical Direction: Shaul Bressovsky

VOLUNTARY DEFENCE FUND Tuesday, March 14, 1972, 5 p.m. at the Rakeh Club (80 Rehov Dizengoff, Tel Aviv) OPENING OF THE ANNUAL BAZAAR Bargains! Original handicraft * multi-coloured carpets * embroidered tunics and dresses * bathing and beach suits, 1972/78 models * shirts and pullovers for the spring * modern home appliances * home-baked cakes * surprise corner * art gallery, etc. etc. The bazaar is open: Tuesday, March 14, 8-10 p.m. Wednesday, March 15, 10 a.m.-7 p.m.

Inbal Dance Theatre JERUSALEM, "Mitchell" Saturday, March 11, 8.30 KRYAT MALACHI, Omanut La'am Tuesday, March 14 JERUSALEM, "Khan" Wednesday, March 15, 8.30 TEL AVIV, "Belt Arlosoroff" Thursday, March 16, 8.30 TICKETS AT AGENTS

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MY BAR American Bar and Restaurant 6 Rehov Hillel Tel. 234834, Jerusalem Open 8 p.m.-2 a.m. except Friday Every day a "Happy Hour" "Playboy" says: the best Martini in the Middle East.

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SEE A PLAY IN HEBREW AND ALL YOU HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IS ENGLISH SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATION OF PLAYS BY SPECIALLY TRAINED ACTORS THE HABIMAH THEATRE The Gypsies of Jaffa only on Sat., March 18, 8.30 • Tues., March 21, 8.30 Tickets at hotels and the theatre box office Earphone Rental desk in the foyer of the theatre on the evening of performance.

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THE ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE Artistic Director: Gary Sorokin 3 SPECIAL CONCERTS Conductor: YOAV TALMI Soloists: ANNA PASHLEY - Soprano ROSANNE CREEFFIELD - Mezzo Soprano with: Women's choir from "RINAT" PERGOLESE

STABAT MATER and works by: PURCELL, GLUCK, BACH, MENDELSSOHN

HAIFA "SHAVIT" Hall Mon. 20.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "GARBER" 128 Sderot Hanaas Voucher No. 51 TEL AVIV DUKELI Hall Thurs. 23.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "UNION" 118 Rehov Dizengoff Voucher No. 51 JERUSALEM K.M.C.A. Hall Sat. Night 25.3.72 at 8.30 p.m. Tickets at: "CAHANA" 1 Rehov Herbert Samuel Voucher No. 51

Habimah Premier STEMPERU Tel Aviv, Large Hall Sat., March 11, 8.30 Sun., March 12, 8.30 Mon., March 13, 8.30 THE GYPSIES OF JAFFA Tel Aviv, Large Hall Thurs., March 16, 8.30 HEROD AND MIRIAM Tel Aviv, Large Hall Wed., March 15, 8.30 HOME Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sun., March 12, 8.30 Mon., March 13, 8.30 THE INDEPENDENCE NIGHT OF ISRAELI SHEFFI Tel Aviv, Small Hall Sat., March 11, 7.15, 8.15 Sun., March 12, 7.15, 8.15 Tues., March 14, 8.30 RELATIVELY SPEAKING, Mifal Omanut La'am Thursday, March 15, 8.30

The Cameri Theatre YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU Comedy Tel Aviv, Sat., March 11, 8.30, 8.15 Sun., March 12, 8.30, 8.15 THE ANDERSONVILLE TRIAL Last two months Tel Aviv, Mahmani, Sat., March 11, 8.30 Tel Aviv, Tues., March 14, 8.30 Premiere THE MERCHANT OF VENICE by William Shakespeare Tel Aviv, Sat., March 11, 8.30 Thurs., March 16, 8.30 THE ACCOUNT Tel Aviv, Zaria, Mon., March 13, 8.30 Tues., March 14, 8.30 THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX Tel Aviv, Zaria, Tues., March 14, 8.30

Hafia Municipal Theatre Features OUR TOWN by Thornton Wilder Adaptation: Yehoshua Sobol Set design: Rufe Dar Haifa, Sat., March 11, 8.30 Sun., March 12, 8.30 Mon., March 13, 8.30 Tues., March 14, 8.30

100TH PERFORMANCE THE DAYS ARE COMING "An estimatable performance" N. Kobanaky The Jerusalem Post Bar Am., Sat., March 11, 8.30 Beit Habhitza Mon., March 13, 8.30 Avodot, Zaria, Sat., March 17, 8.30 SHOWBIZ RUFFET by Haasch Letha Directed: Oded Kallier Box office Tel. 51224

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